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In this issue: William S. Burroughs

HEAVY METAL

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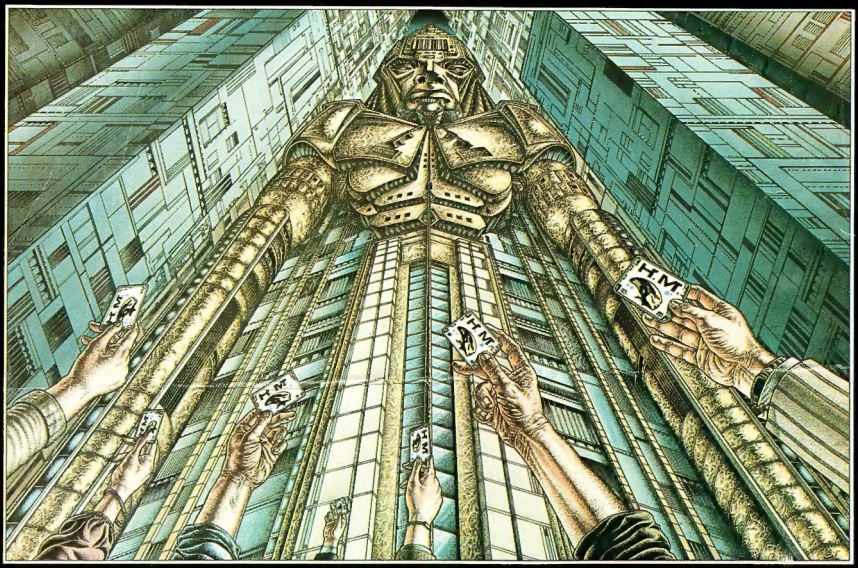

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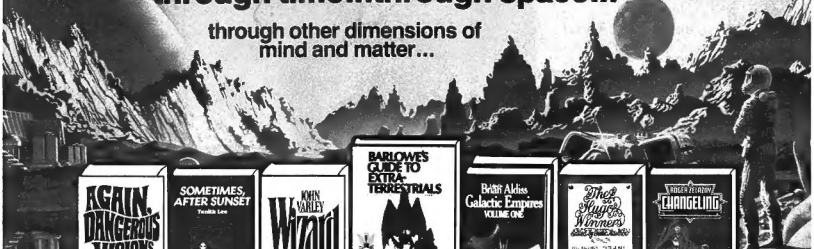

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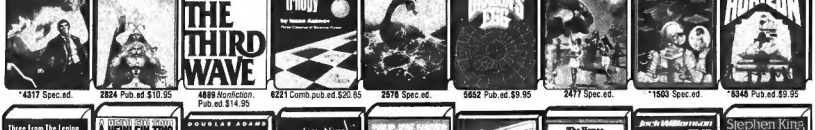

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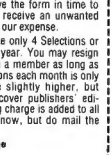

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Illustration by Richard Kriminal

Through forty-odd years, William S. Burroughs has been a creative and social revolutionary of the highest order. His novels have shocked with their stark portrayals of heroin addiction and passionate homosexuality, while radically altering perceptions of the novel as a strict linear progression. At sixty-seven he has been godfather to the Beats, hippies, punks, and even science fiction's new wave, with his literary psychedelia that twists traditional ideas of time and space. This piece, "Civilian Defense," from Burroughs's forthcoming book of essays (to be published in 1981 by Seaver Books), does what Burroughs is best at doing. He takes a seemingly logical concept and spirals closer and closer toward convoluted, ultimately extreme extrapolation. Essentially, the piece is science fiction, as it twists further and further away from the likely toward the visionary. If Burroughs is the ultimate paranoiac, then it's because, as he says, paranoia is having all the facts. When Burroughs writes he considers not only the known facts but the imaginary ones as well. His current novels include Port of Saints, *(Blue Wind Press, 1980); the forthcoming* Cities of the Red Night *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston); and, underway,* The Johnson Family.

—Brad Balfour

C.D., Civilian Defense, started with names on cards. These ID cards identify the bearer — photo and fingerprints, description and address — as a Civil Defense agent. Each card has a number. I think it was no accident that one of the original thirteen early card holders was a computer programmer. The idea behind the C.D. card was and is very simple: We will follow the example set by the Guardian Angels. We will patrol the subways, acting to stop crime, to aid and protect victims of crime in accordance with our plain duty as citizens and fellow humans. We hope that our example will inspire other citizens to help themselves and each other. We hope to instill a get-in-this-and-*help* reflex, instead of a keep-out-of-it-walk-away-shut-your-lousy-mouth reflex. We intend to make it fashionable to defend ourselves and others. We will be of all ages and all walks of life. You join by filling out a form and obtaining a C.D. card. You are expected to patrol one night a month but may do so as often as you wish.

The Angels carry no weapons. Our policy on weapons is that the Field Agent on patrol may carry whatever weapons he wants to carry, and for which he assumes the legal responsibility. The most commonly carried legal weapon is a cane or walking stick. He can equip himself at a C.D. store (in the beginning these were simply loft addresses) after showing his C.D. card. At first the stores sold mostly canes of heavy wood and simple designs, with a brochure showing some of the basics of cane fighting. Weapons of doubtful legality were tear-gas guns and short sticks carried concealed. It was C.D. policy to try out various weapons for a court decision. This attracted some sharp legal brains.

C.D. caught on like mad. And with it came a new spirit of release. The ordinary citizen felt that he didn't have to take it lying down anymore. He could do something about it right now. Join C.D.

The T.O.T. Decision gave us tremendous impetus. The Tool of Trade Decision, which involved a concealed awl and a dead punk, stipulates that a citizen may not be arrested or charged for carrying the tools of his trade unless the artifacts in question are specifically controlled by other statutes. The defendant was a part-time leather worker.

"You can drive a trailer truck through T.O.T.," wailed the Commissioner. "They'll carry anything and call it a tool of their trade."

We are setting up centers where courses in stick and hand-to-hand fighting are given. Friendly C.D. advisers are there to help you. They will give you a list of reliable merchants who install security devices in apartments. They will put you in touch with other people in your naborhood who may have the same problems. We advertise on the subways.

Poster shows the grinning Buddies all with C.D. T-shirts, patches, armbands, hatbands...

THERE'S SAFETY IN NUMBERS
BECOME A SUBWAY BUDDY

Get to know the other citizens who ride the same trains at the same time you do. Become a Subway Buddy. Every Buddy will help you when you need help, and you will help every Buddy. JOIN NOW. Take one...

Subway Buddies really caught on. I mean, who would slink around *not* being a Subway Buddy? There they are on the platform laughingly comparing their canes and staffs and golf clubs. "For close-in chops I favor a niblick. For the home stretch a loaded driver." Now they settle in a car and leer knowingly at each other. A plumber fondles a heavy pipe wrench. Nobody's going to chain-snatch *his* Subway Buddies. The C.D. stores are now vast weapon supermarkets. Here is a fetching array of carpenter suits in leather and denim with reinforced pockets and pouches and sheaths for awls and ice picks, do fridge jobs on the side you know, and those lovely axe-hammer crowbars, all one gorgeous hunka stainless...and exquisite ball peens with whip handles...

"Don't forget your Union Card, sir. You are now a member of the C.D. Carpenters Union." The clerk winks broadly. "It's legal as hell. And this battery-powered drill right in his muggin' eye, sir! And this air hammer can be used as a walking stick. It's a rupturin' perforating tool, if you'll pardon the expression, sir." We stroll on to the Exterminator section. "Now, this blower shoots a finely divided black cyanide dust. One good whiff, sir. Not recommended for *crowd* situations, sir."

The Farmer's Market gets a big play. Window-box Farmers fancy themselves as Death with a scythe, and one old joker incinerated two rowdies with a flamethrower.

"Farmer, you know. We use them for killing weeds. Never without it...haw, haw."

Some of these devices were shot down in the courts. Flamethrowers and all incendiary devices, for example, were outlawed by Fire D. regulations, but new ones kept popping up until the courts were jammed with weapon cases.

"Darling, I've been doing a lot of research and there is absolutely no license required to buy a flintlock or percussion gun, or to carry one. Or a sword, for that matter, carried openly."

"My God!" screamed the old transit cop. "Fifty of them with cavalry sabres and civil-war revolvers."

And the Golfers with their loaded drivers and their charge cry: "FORE!" The Baseball Players, brutal burly men, beat your muggin' brains out. The Polo Boys, lithe aloof young men faultlessly attired in riding clothes. They are adept at tripping with their mallets, or they may prefer to disembowel a mugger with a back kick of razor-sharp spurs, bare their teeth and roll their eyes like a fucking horse as they emit their terrible whinny of triumph.

C.D. becomes obligatory, like jury duty. We computerize our records. We have records not only on those who have committed crimes, but on those who can be expected to commit certain types of crimes in the future.

continued on page 96

ROBERT E. HOWARD'S

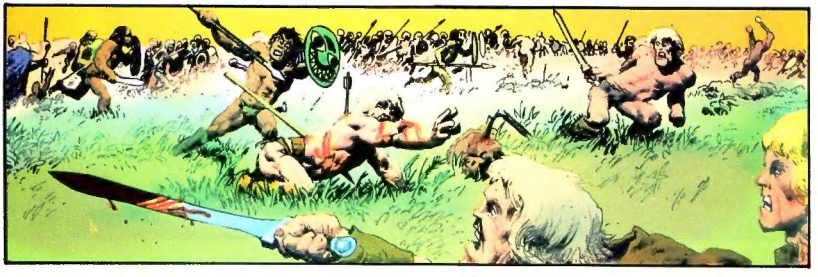
BLOODSTAR

BY RICHARD CORBEN, JOHN JAKES, AND JOHN POCSIK

In our last episode, while Bloodstar and his mentor, Grom, were on a hunting trip, they were attacked by wild boars. On his deathbed, Grom told the young Bloodstar of his origin and of his father, who defeated the King of the Northern Abyss.

THAT GOLDEN AFTERNOON SAW A GRAND BATTLE.

MANY BRAVE WARRIORS FELL BENEATH THE STROKE OF STEEL AND STONE.



WE WERE ALL DRUNK WITH SLAUGHTER. WE MATCHED THE YELLOWHAIR IN FEROCITY. OURS WERE THE GREATER NUMBERS, BUT THEY WERE TALLER AND MORE AGILE. SINCE WE COULD NOT BEAT THEM IN INDIVIDUAL COMBAT, WE ADOPTED GROUP TACTICS TO BRING THEM DOWN AND TOOK A GHASTLY TOLL. PILES OF BODIES MOUNTED.
WE KILLED AND WERE KILLED WITH SAVAGE GLEE. A MADNESS SEIZED US OUT THERE ON THE PLAIN. BY AND BY, THOUGH, THE FIGHT TURNED AGAINST US AND WE FLED. I WAS ONE OF THE LAST TO LEAVE. IT WAS MY MISFORTUNE—AND GOOD FATE—TO MEET YOUR SIRE, BLOODSTAR THE ELDER, THERE UPON THE FIELD OF BATTLE, NOT AN AUSPICIOUS BEGINNING TO A FRIENDSHIP, EITHER.
STAND FAST, APE-FACE! I'VE GOT SOMETHING SOFT AND SWEET FOR YOU!

ZEG. HE WAS FAST! HE SIDESTEPPED MY CHARGE AND BOUNCED HIS CLUB OFF MY HEAD.

I COULD ONLY SLASH AIR WITH MY BLADE!

ANOTHER CARESS OF HIS WAR STICK WAS MORE THAN ENOUGH TO CONVINCE ME HE WAS NO ORDINARY FIGHTER.

THEN, FOR A WHILE, WE PERFORMED A BIZARRE DANCE OF DEATH AROUND EACH OTHER — WEAVING, HACKING, THRUSTING, DUCKING, FALLING BACK. STRANGELY, NEITHER OF US WAS ABLE TO CONNECT A BLOW. BUT I SHIVERED EACH TIME THAT CLUB HUMMED PAST MY FACE.

SUDDENLY OUR UNCONSCIOUS RHYTHM WAS BROKEN AS THE BLOND GIANT'S CLUB SHATTERED MY WOODEN CLUB.
CRACK
ZEG, WHAT A BLOW!
THEN EVERYTHING WENT BLACK FOR A SPACE.
THWACK!
I ONLY LEARNED WHAT HAPPENED NEXT SOME TIME LATER.
BY YMIR'S BEARD! THAT'S THE HARDEST HEAD I EVER HIT! LOOK AT MY CLUB!
GET OVER HERE, BLOODSTAR! YOU'D BETTER GET BUSY IF YOU WANT TO EQUAL MY SCORE OF KILLS!
HA, HA, HA! WE'LL JUST SEE ABOUT THAT, LOKNAR!
I LAY THERE ON THE BLOODY GRASS, TRYING TO CLIMB BACK OVER THE RIM OF CONSCIOUSNESS. THERE WAS MOVEMENT ALL AROUND ME. I HEARD SOUNDS I DID NOT LIKE, SUCH AS THE RIPE POP OF CRUSHED SKULLS. AESIR WOMEN WERE FINISHING OUR WOUNDED.
THERE'S ONE OVER THERE, HELVA.

WHAT? LET GO–!
I DEFEATED THIS APE. HIS LIFE IS MINE. I WISH TO SPARE IT.
IMPUDENT DOG! NO ONE INTERFERES WITH THE DAUGHTER OF BYRDAG THE WAR CHIEF!
GAAUGH!

I SAID I SPARE HIM!

WHAP

THEY GLARED AT EACH OTHER FOR A TENSE MOMENT. ALTHOUGH THEY HAD KNOWN EACH OTHER SINCE CHILDHOOD, THIS INTENSITY OF FEELING WAS NEW AND DISTURBED THEM BOTH.

BLOODSTAR REMEMBERED HELVA AS AN AWKWARD, LONG-LIMBED CHILD FOREVER FALLING DOWN. SHE HAD BLOSSOMED INTO LUSH WOMANHOOD.

SHE BLUSHED SUDDENLY AND RAN AWAY.

HELVA RECALLED BLOODSTAR AS BEING OAFISH AND RUDE. HE WAS SOMEHOW... DIFFERENT NOW.

THE VICTORIOUS AESIR MADE THEIR CAMP A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE FIELD OF DEATH. EVERYONE WAS SADDENED, FOR BYRDAG, THEIR CHIEF, HAD BEEN BADLY WOUNDED IN THE DAY'S FIGHTING AND LAY NEAR DEATH.

BYRDAG WILL LEAD US AGAIN. HE'S TOO TOUGH TO DIE.

COME, BLOODSTAR, WE MUST ATTEND THE PYRE.

YMIR, ACCEPT THE SPIRITS OF THOSE MEN WHO DIED TODAY.
GREAT YMIR, GRANT THAT BYRDAG MAY LIVE TO LEAD HIS PEOPLE A FEW YEARS MORE.
DID YOU SEE OLD BYRDAG'S WOUND? SPLIT HE WAS, FROM HIP TO HEEL!
—AND FOULED BY THE DIRT BEFORE THEY COULD CARRY HIM TO SAFETY!

THEY THREW THE BODIES OF MY JUNGLE COMRADES FROM A HIGH CLIFF TO SCAVENGERS GATHERED BELOW.

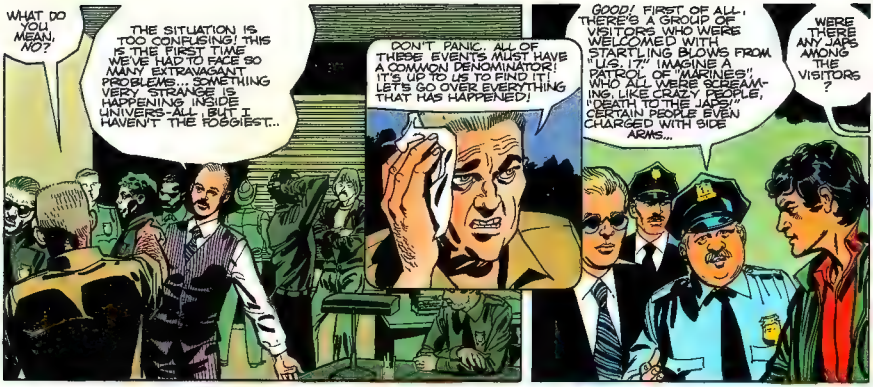
TO BE CONTINUED .

What Is Reality, Papa?

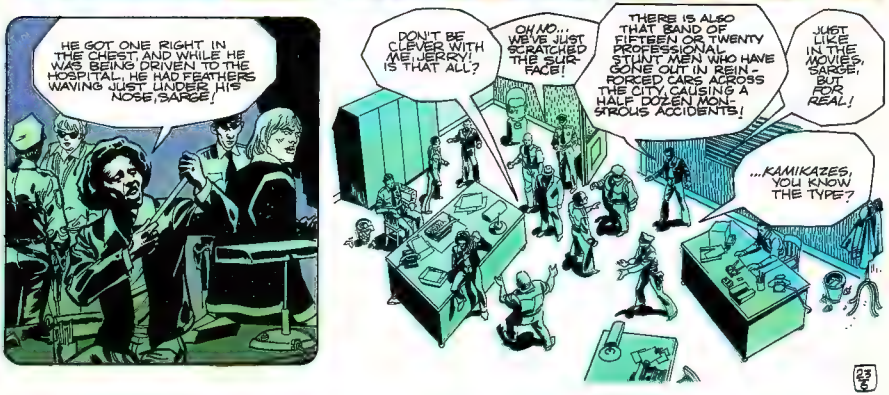
As we saw last month, during the production of various films at Univers-all Studios, the actors began to take their roles just a bit too seriously. A film on the Third Reich produced actual Hitler and Goering clones, and the Boston Strangler terrorized women once again. Axle and Musky land smack-dab in the middle of all this craziness just in time to find Stuart running from a pack of wild Indians.

TANG!
HARGH!
AXLE, NO! DON'T GO THERE!
I HAVE TO, LITTLE CLOWN. IT'S OBVIOUS I'M BEING SENT THERE!
AAAAHH...
WROAARRR
HE'S TERRIBLY BEATEN UP...
OOF! THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO BRING THEIR ENGINES UP THIS FAR... WE CAN BREATHE A LITTLE ...
A LITTLE MORE EFFORT, GRANDPA...
DON'T CALL ME GRANDPA, MY BOY...
WE SHOULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN INVOLVED IN THIS BUSINESS! THEY'VE CUT OFF ANY MEANS OF ESCAPE, AXLE! AND I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THEY LAUGH AT US WHEN THEY LOOK OVER HERE ...
WHO ARE YOU?
... WHAT AM I GOING TO POSE AS AT THE NEXT BOARDMEETING ?
STUART WHITCOMB...THE BOSS AT THE STUDIO! AH, YES, MY BOY. I AM THE GUY WHO HAS WON THE CONFIDENCE OF THE SHAREHOLDERS, HAHA!

THESE STRANGE MEN, WHY ARE THEY FOLLOWING YOU?
I'VE HAD TROUBLE UNDERSTANDING TOO... BUT NOW, I THINK I'VE GOT IT. THEY'RE NO LONGER ACTING! ...NO ONE WANTS TO ACT HERE ANYMORE ...I'LL BET IT'S THE UNIONS!...THEY'VE FORGOTTEN THE MEANING OF THIS MARVELOUS WORD "ACT," AND THE SITUATION IS HOPELESS...
THERE'S CERTAINLY A WAY...
NO, NOT WITH THESE GUYS WHO TAKE THEMSELVES SO SERIOUSLY... AS IF IT WERE A VIRUS... AN EPIDEMIC. IMAGINE A WORLD WHERE NO ONE KNOWS HOW TO PRETEND ANYMORE... THAT'S WHY THEY WANT TO KILL ME! I'M ONE TOO MANY! BECAUSE ...
...YOU UNDERSTAND, MY BOY, I... I AM... THE DREAM!
SO YOU KNOW WHERE THE WOMAN I'M LOOKING FOR IS! HER NAME IS CHIMEER!
CERTAINLY, MY BOY! HAHA, WHAT FUN! I'M THE ONE WHO HAD THE IDEA FOR THE SCRIPT. I EVEN REWROTE A SECTION... THE BIT WHERE...
WHERE IS SHE?
SOMEWHERE OVER THERE... NEAR STAGE 5... IN HER VAN. PROBABLY GETTING MADE UP, MY BOY... AS A VAPID... ROMANTIC BLONDE...
DON'T INSIST, AXLE... YOU CAN SEE THAT HE'S DEAD!
SOMEWHERE, ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE DOWNTOWN HOLLYWOOD POLICE STATION...
STOP BELLOWING ALL AT ONCE! IN THE NAME OF GOD! COULD SOMEONE WHO'S MORE OR LESS SENSIBLE GIVE ME A COHERENT REPORT OF THE SITUATION? YES OR NO?
NO!

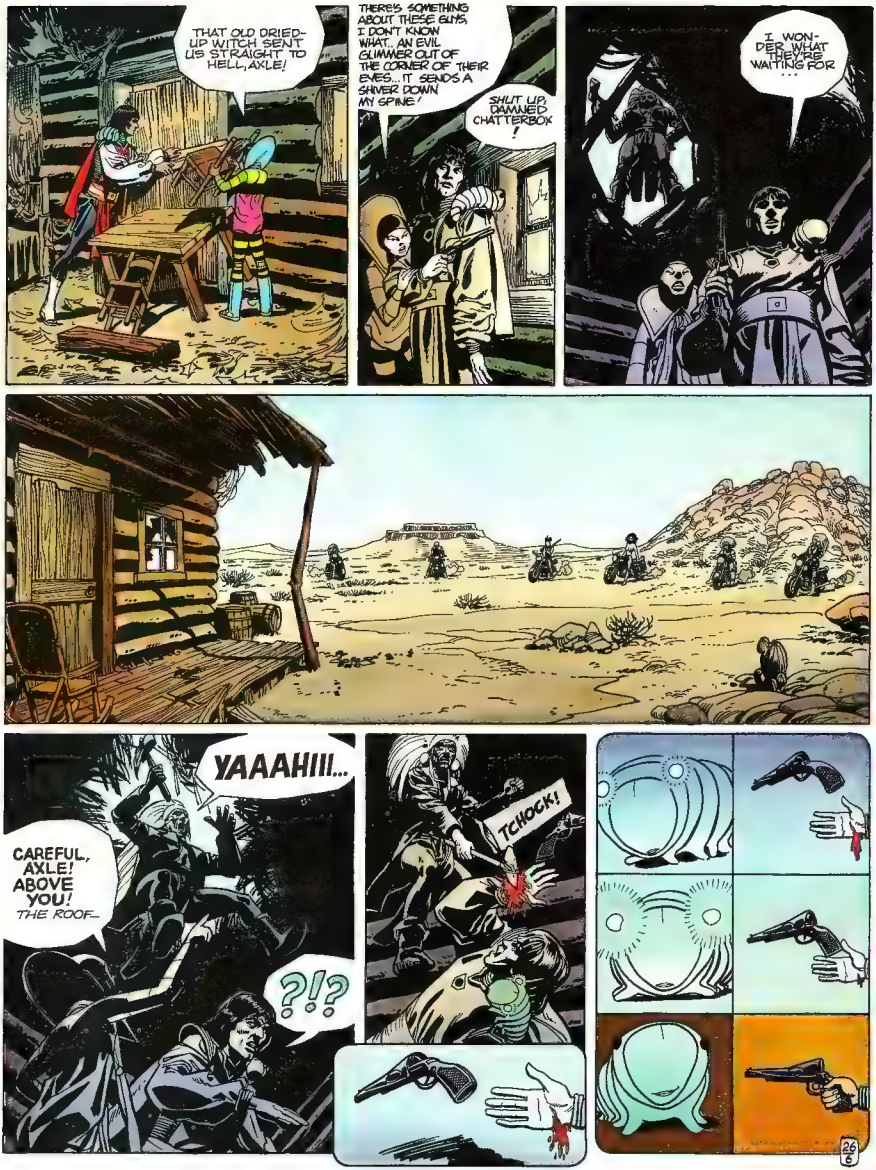

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, NO?
THE SITUATION IS TOO CONFUSING! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE HAD TO FACE SO MANY EXTRAVAGANT PROBLEMS... SOMETHING VERY STRANGE IS HAPPENING INSIDE UNIVERS-ALL BUT I HAVEN'T THE FOGGIEST...
DON'T PANIC. ALL OF THESE EVENTS MUST HAVE A COMMON DENOMINATOR! IT'S UP TO US TO FIND IT! LET'S GO OVER EVERYTHING THAT HAS HAPPENED!
GOOD! FIRST OF ALL, THERE'S A GROUP OF VISITORS WHO WERE WELCOMED WITH STARTLING BLOWS FROM "U.S. 17" IMAGINE A PATROL OF "MARINES" WHO ALL WERE SCREAMING, LIKE CRAZY PEOPLE, "DEATH TO THE JAPS!" CERTAIN PEOPLE EVEN CHARGED WITH SIDE ARMS...
WERE THERE ANY JAPS AMONG THE VISITORS?

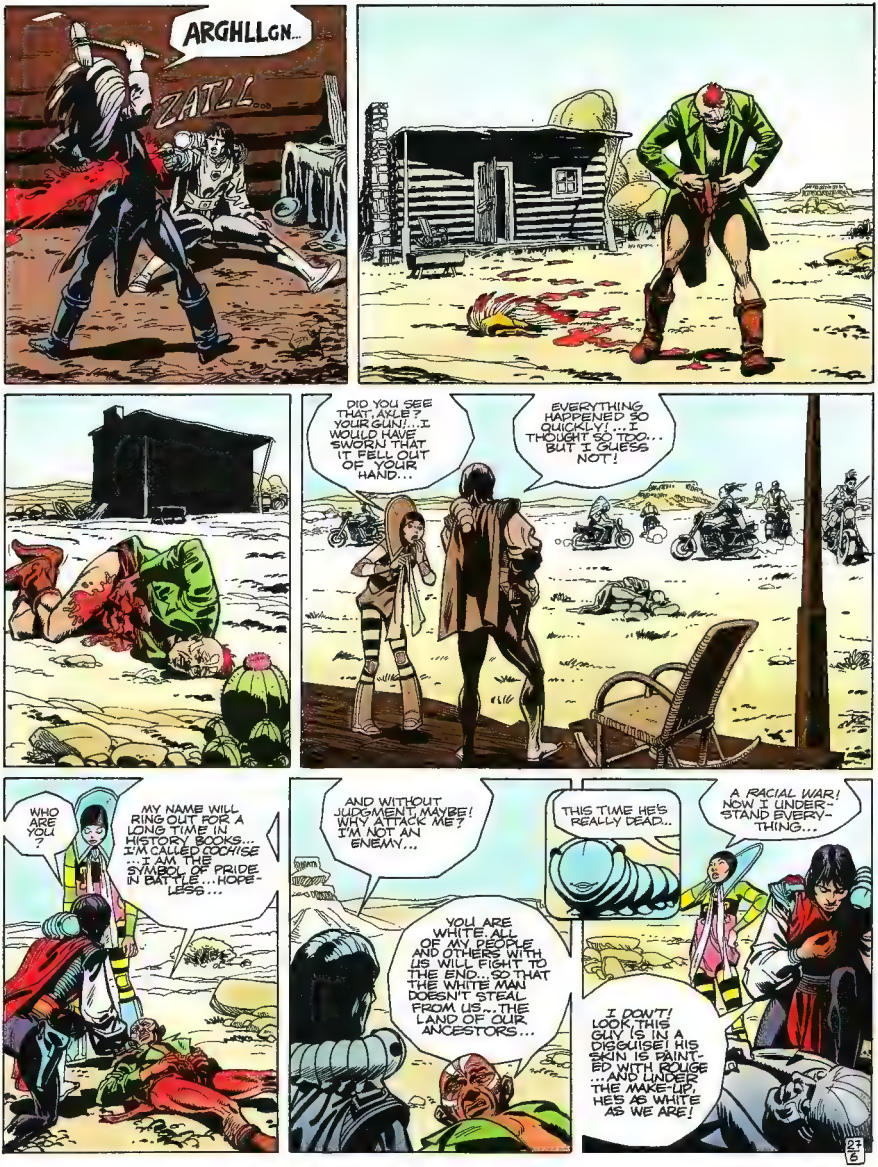
...UH... I DON'T KNOW IF THERE WERE ANY... WHILE WAITING FOUR WERES KILLED AND FOUR DANGEROUSLY WOUNDED! DO YOU REALLY WANT ME TO ASK THAT QUESTION AT THE HOSPITAL, ABOUT JAPS?
YOU MUSN'T NEGLECT ONE DETAIL!
THERE WEREN'T ANY JAPS IN POLICE CAR 54 WHICH WAS PATROLLING THE LAND ALONG THE NORTH-EAST PERIMETER, THAT BELONGS TO THE STUDIO, AND THAT DIDN'T STOP IT FROM BEING RIDDLED WITH INDIAN ARROWS!
INDIAN ARROWS !?!
COMANCHE, TO BE PRECISE... LIEUTENANT ANGNIE'S ORDERS WAS EXPLICIT, AND HE HAD MORE TIME THAN NECESSARY TO STUDY THE QUESTION THOROUGHLY!

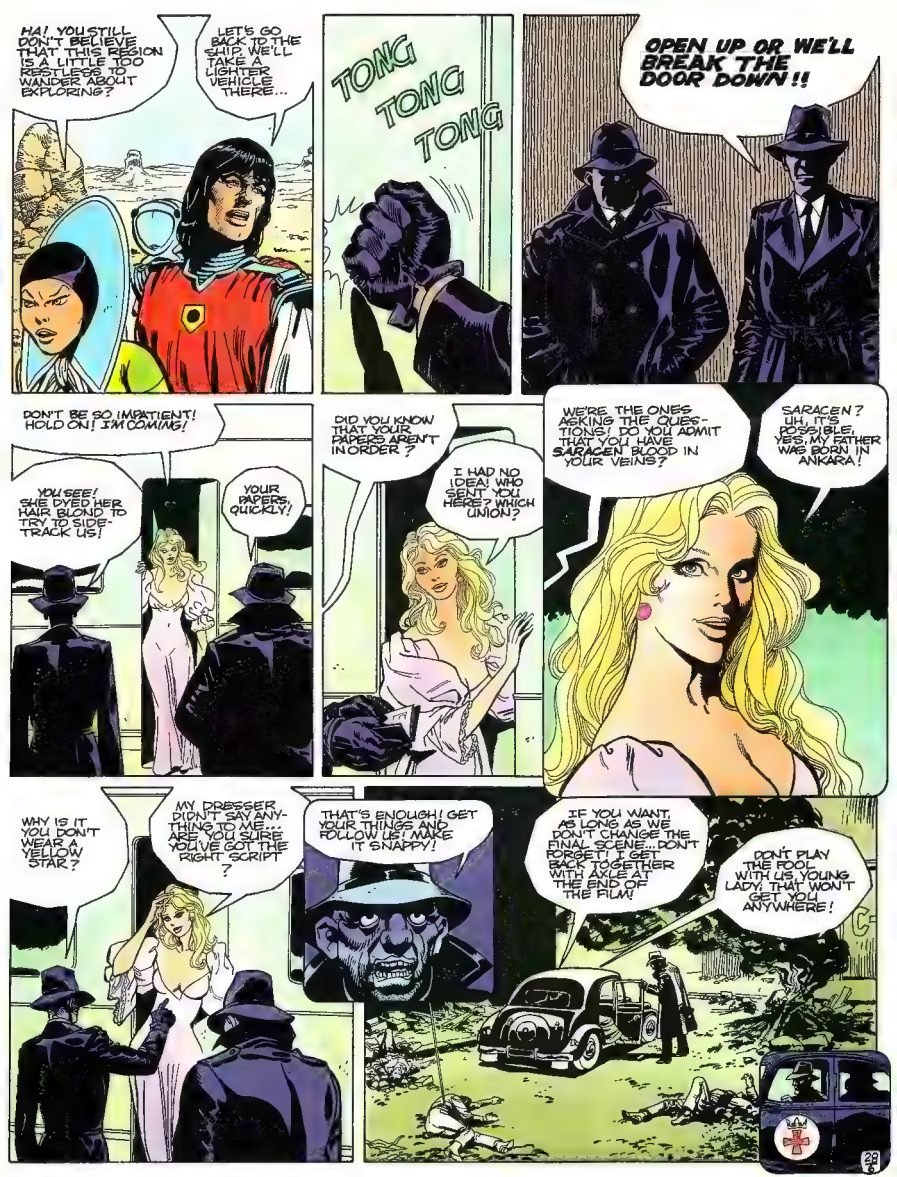

HE GOT ONE RIGHT IN THE CHEST, AND WHILE HE WAS BEING DRIVEN TO THE HOSPITAL, HE HAD FEATHERS WAVING JUST UNDER HIS NOSE, SARGE!
DON'T BE CLEVER WITH ME, JERRY! IS THAT ALL?
OH NO... WE'VE JUST SCRATCHED THE SUR-FACE!
THERE IS ALSO THAT BAND OF FIFTEEN OR TWENTY PROFESSIONAL STUNT MEN WHO HAVE GONE OUT IN REIN-FORCED CARS ACROSS THE CITY, CAUSING A HALF DOZEN MON-STROUS ACCIDENTS!
JUST LIKE IN THE MOVIES, SARGE, BUT FOR REAL!
...KAMIKAZES, YOU KNOW THE TYPE?

NOT VERY WELL, NO!...I HAVE YOU QUESTIONED ANY OF THEM?
WE WOULD'VE HAD TO PASTE TOGETHER THE PIECES--IF YOU GET MY DRIFT. THEY'RE ALL DEAD BY NOW.
HEY, SARGE! AN IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENT! WE'VE GOT WITNESSES WORTH BELIEVING! ONE IS A RETIRED INVESTIGATOR FROM THE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE, AND HE CONFIRMS THAT HE'S SEEN A FLYING SAUCER LAND..
WELL, LET'S SEE! AT THIS POINT...
HEY, HERB!.. DO YOU THINK IT COULD BE A QUESTION OF COLLECTIVE POISONING?... HMM?... I DON'T KNOW... MAYBE SOMEONE SPIKED THE RESERVOIR!
HUH?
OR ELSE THE RUSSIANS ARE INVOLVED! IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF THEY WERE EXPERIMENTING WITH ONE OF THEIR DAMNED CHEMICAL BOMBS!
UNLESS IT'S ONE OF OUR DAMNED CHEMICAL BOMBS. WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHERE TO STOCK THEM, AND WHOEVER SEEKS TO CAN STEAL AS MANY AS THEY WANT...
YOUR SPECULATIONS DON'T INTEREST ME! DO WHAT'S NECESSARY TO CLOSE OFF THE AREA! DECLARE IT QUARANTINED! CALL IN THE TROOPS! HAL! YOU TAKE CHARGE OF THAT! TELL THE PEOPLE IN HIGH PLACES NOT TO HAGGLE OVER THE EFFECTS! ROWWIE! GET ME A HELICOPTER, QUICKLY!
...WE'RE GOING TO FLY OVER THIS INFERNAL MESS AND TRY AND UNDERSTAND, IN THE NAME OF GOD!
MEANWHILE, HAROLY A FEW MILES AWAY...
WRAOOOWWW
24

COME ON! WE HAVE TO MAKE IT TO THE VAN DOWN BELOW! ...CAN'T YOU SPEED UP A LITTLE? WE'LL GO FOR A STROLL SOME OTHER TIME...
MY LUNGS ARE ON FIRE, AXLE... AND THE MUSCLES IN MY LEGS... OOH, THEY ACHE! I DON'T EVEN WISH THIS FEELING ON ABSENT READERS.
YA YA!
YAAAA!
AHOOOOO
WRAAOOOMMMM
CHOPS!
AHOUYAAA
THIS IS A FINE TIME TO HAVE OURSELVES KIDNAPPED BY A NATIVE! DO YOU PLAN ON GETTING UP AGAIN, LITTLE CLOWN?
COME IN HERE, QUICK, AND WE'LL BARRICADE OURSELVES INSIDE. I HAVE A FEELING TIME IS BEING WASTED...

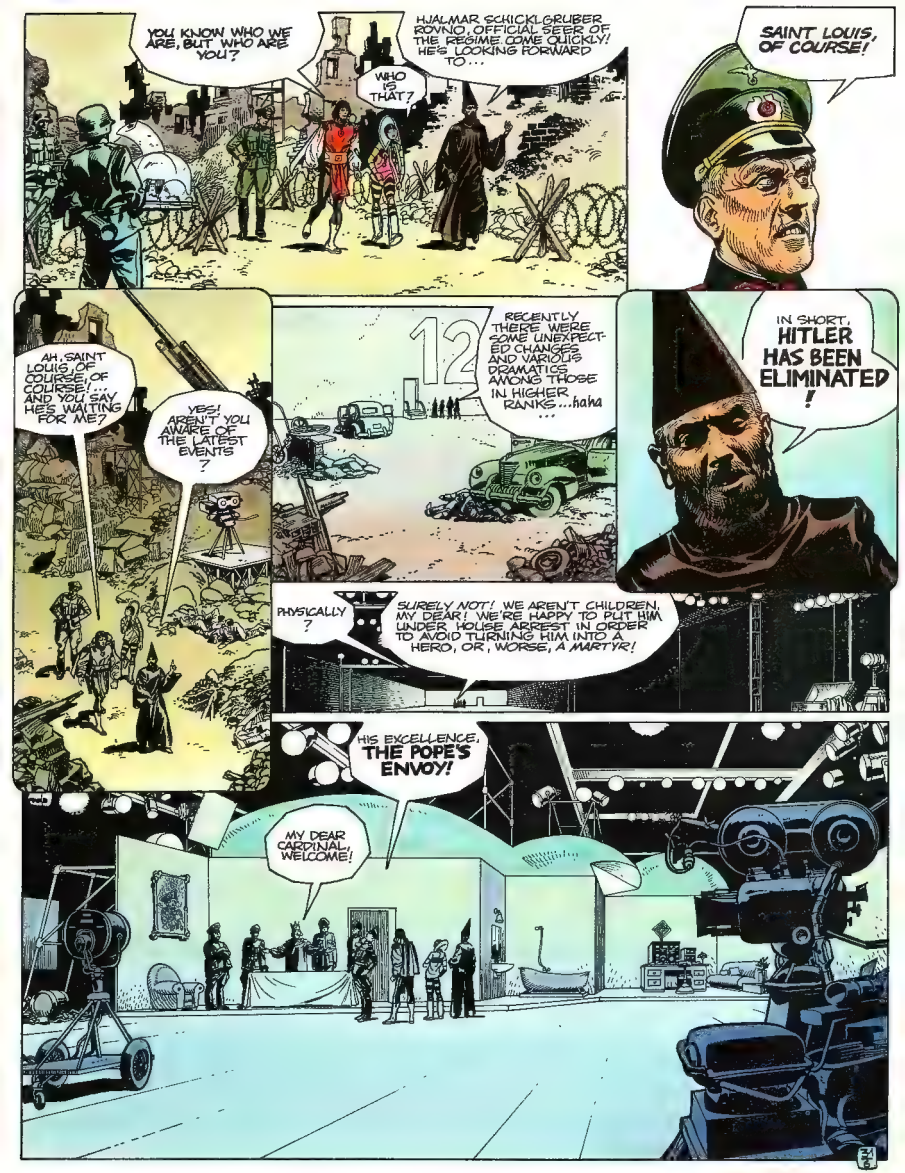

THAT OLD DRIED-UP WITCH SENT US STRAIGHT TO HELL, AXLE!
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THESE GUNS. I DON'T KNOW WHAT. AN EVIL GLIMMER OUT OF THE CORNER OF THEIR EYES.. IT SENDS A SHIVER DOWN MY SPINE!
SHUT UP, DAMNED CHATTERBOX!
I WONDER WHAT THEY'RE WAITING FOR...
YAAAHIII...
CAREFUL, AXLE! ABOVE YOU! THE ROOF-
?!?
TCHOCK!
26
6


ARGHLLGN...
ZATLL...
DID YOU SEE THAT, AXLE? YOUR GUN!...I WOULD HAVE SWORN THAT IT FELL OUT OF YOUR HAND...
EVERYTHING HAPPENED SO QUICKLY!...I THOUGHT SO TOO... BUT I GUESS NOT!
WHO ARE YOU?
MY NAME WILL RING OUT FOR A LONG TIME IN HISTORY BOOKS... I'M CALLED COCHISE ...I AM THE SYMBOL OF PRIDE IN BATTLE...HOPELESS...
AND WITHOUT JUDGMENT, MAYBE! WHY ATTACK ME? I'M NOT AN ENEMY...
YOU ARE WHITE. ALL OF MY PEOPLE AND OTHERS WITH US WILL FIGHT TO THE END... SO THAT THE WHITE MAN DOESN'T STEAL FROM US...THE LAND OF OUR ANCESTORS...
THIS TIME HE'S REALLY DEAD..
A RACIAL WAR! NOW I UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING...
I DON'T! LOOK, THIS GUY IS IN A DISGUISE! HIS SKIN IS PAINTED WITH ROUGE ...AND UNDER THE MAKE-UP, HE'S AS WHITE AS WE ARE!

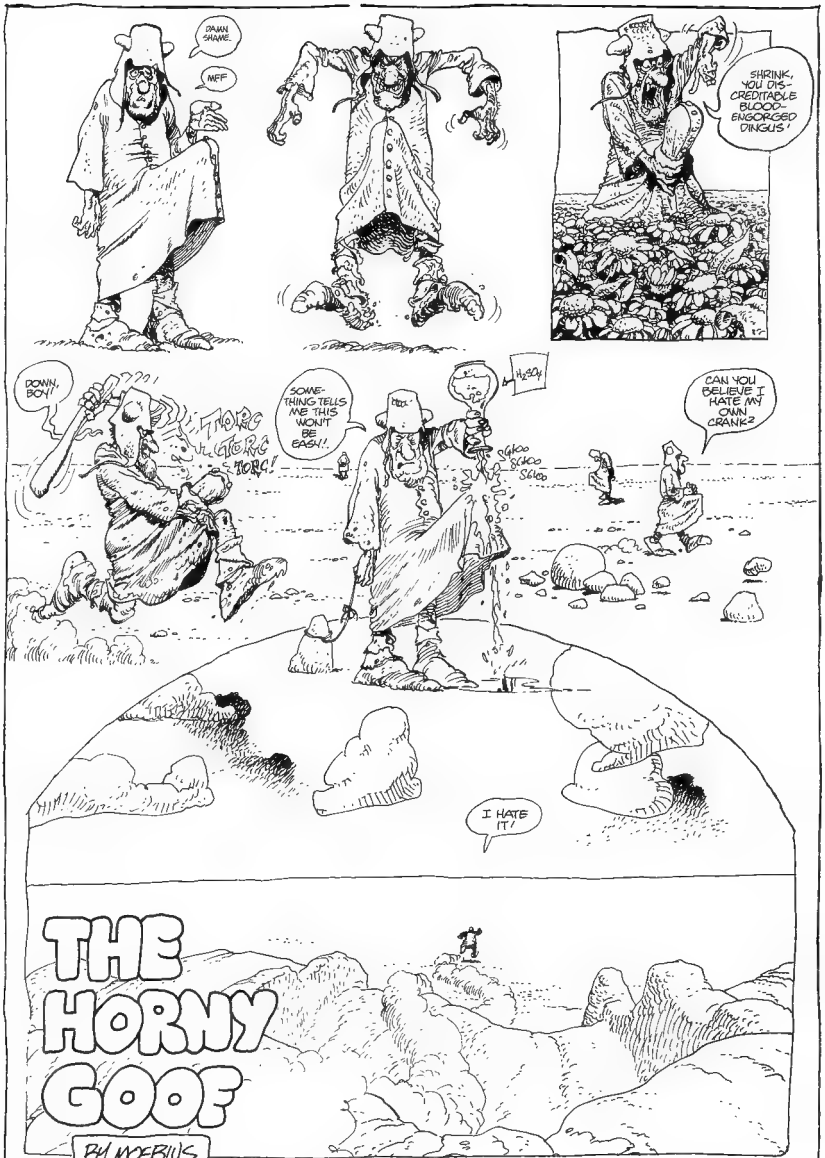

HA! YOU STILL DON'T BELIEVE THAT THIS REGION IS A LITTLE TOO RESTLESS TO WANDER ABOUT EXPLORING?
LET'S GO BACK TO THE SHIP. WE'LL TAKE A LIGHTER VEHICLE THERE...
TONG TONG TONG
OPEN UP OR WE'LL BREAK THE DOOR DOWN !!
DON'T BE SO IMPATIENT! HOLD ON! I'M COMING!
YOU SEE! SHE DYED HER HAIR BLOND TO TRY TO SIDE-TRACK US!
YOUR PAPERS, QUICKLY!
DID YOU KNOW THAT YOUR PAPERS AREN'T IN ORDER ?
I HAD NO IDEA! WHO SENT YOU HERE? WHICH UNION?
WE'RE THE ONES ASKING THE QUES-TIONS! DO YOU ADMIT THAT YOU HAVE SARACEN BLOOD IN YOUR VEINS?
SARACEN ? UH, IT'S POSSIBLE, YES, MY FATHER WAS BORN IN ANKARA!
WHY IS IT YOU DON'T WEAR A YELLOW STAR ?
MY DRESSER DIDN'T SAY ANY-THING TO ME ... ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT SCRIPT ?
THAT'S ENOUGH! GET YOUR THINGS AND FOLLOW US! MAKE IT SNAPPY!
IF YOU WANT, AS LONG AS WE DON'T CHANGE THE FINAL SCENE... DON'T FORGET I GO BACK TOGETHER WITH AXLE AT THE END OF THE FILM!
DON'T PLAY THE FOOL WITH US, YOUNG LADY. THAT WON'T GET YOU ANYWHERE!

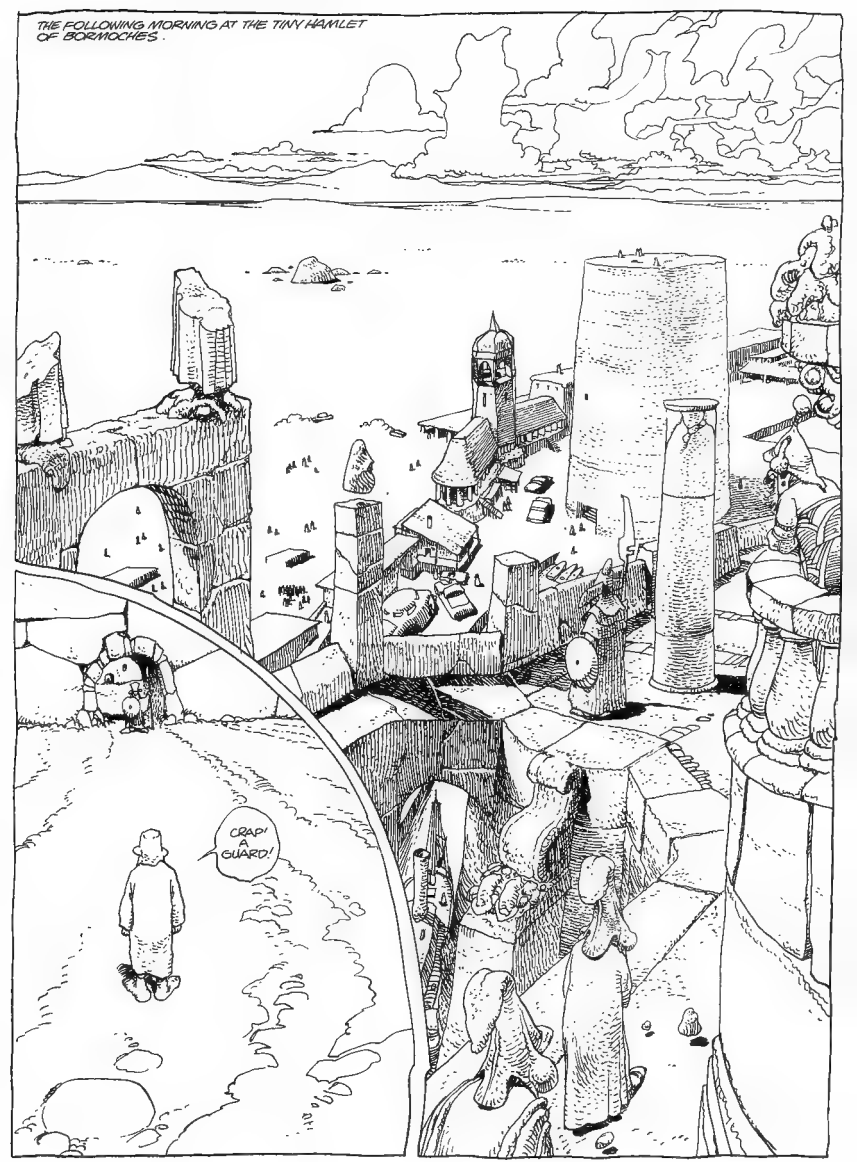
WOULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN SMARTER TO BORROW A SHIP THAT COULD FLY AT A HIGHER ALTITUDE AND PUT US OUT OF REACH OF THESE CRAZY PEOPLE ?
IT'S IN THIS WORLD OF FOOLS THAT I'LL FIND CHIMEER, LITTLE CLOWN... NOT ANYWHERE ELSE!
TERRIFIC, SMART GUY! YOU'RE SO SMUG... LOOK, TO YOUR LEFT!
HOW HORRIBLE!
SIR! CAMBRONNE WANTS A WORD WITH YOU...
TELL HIM TO COME HERE, I HAVEN'T MUCH TIME TO TALK!
A YOUNG GIRL IS ASKING FOR AN AUDIENCE WITH YOU, NAPOLEON! HER NAME IS JEANNE; SHE WAS BORN IN DOMREMY AND CLAIMS TO BE THE AUTHENTIC PUCELLE. SHE SAID IF SHE IS ENTRUSTED WITH THE COMMAND OF THE TROOPS, SHE'LL WIN THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO INSTANTLY!
I WAS WAITING FOR GROUCHY, AND WHAT DO I GET INSTEAD? A RAMBUNCTIOUS VIRGIN!
WE AREN'T VERY WELL LIKED!

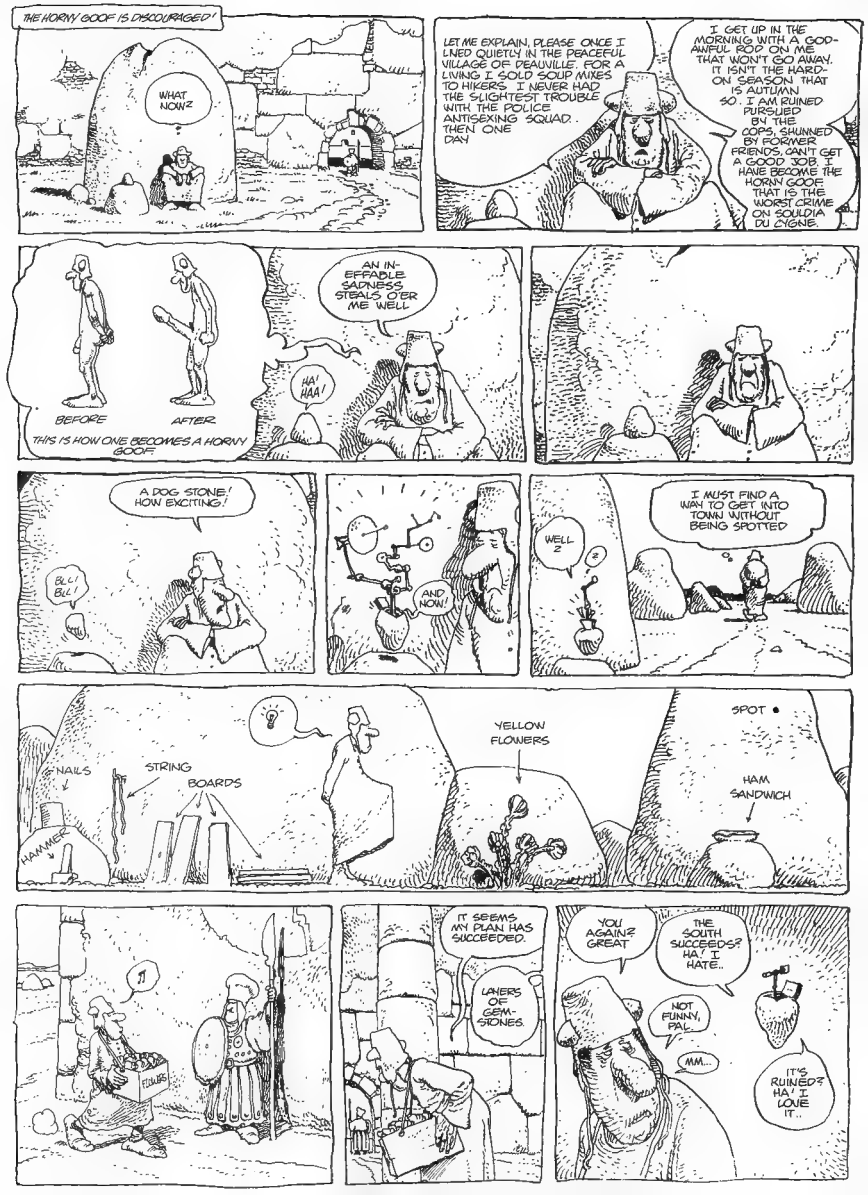
LOOK! I'LL JUST DIE IF THEY AREN'T WAITING FOR US OVER THERE! TURN AROUND!
US?.. WHY US?
THE DOME OF THE SCOOTER IS SOLID! WHAT SHALL WE DO? CHARGE THE BARRICADE ?
NO. I HAVE TO TAKE MY BEARINGS, AND TO DO THAT, I MUST UNDERSTAND WHAT SORT OF FOLLY WE'RE UP AGAINST IN THIS UNI-VERSE!
PLEASE, ST. CHRISTOPHER, WATCH OVER US NOW!
MISTER AMBASSADOR, WE WERE WAITING FOR YOU...
DO YOU HAVE YOUR CREDENTIALS?
UH... WELL... NO! WE HAD A SERIOUS ALTERCATION WITH A CERTAIN... UH...
AND UNFORTUNATELY, UH...
..COCHAISE OR CHOCHISE...
I AM UP TO DATE, EXCELLENCE... WE'RE LIVING IN VERY TROUBLED TIMES... BUT FORMALITY USELESS! I KNOW EXACTLY WHO YOU ARE! I RECOGNIZE YOU!!!
OH, REALLY? ...UH... HOW?
WHAT A QUESTION! OF COURSE!... THE CATERPILLAR!!!
30 B

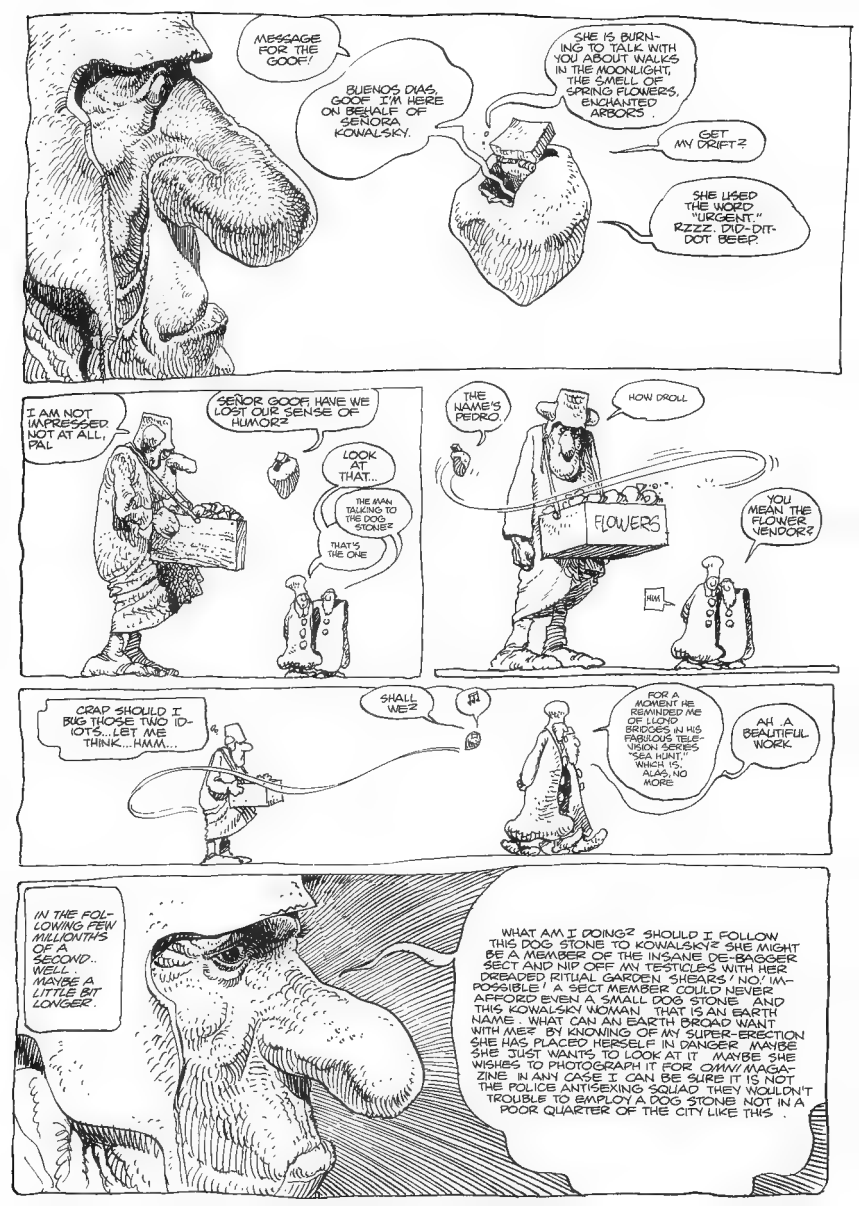

YOU KNOW WHO WE ARE, BUT WHO ARE YOU?
WHO IS THAT?
HJALMAR SCHICKLGRUBER ROVNO, OFFICIAL SEER OF THE REGIME COME QUICKLY! HE'S LOOKING FORWARD TO...
SAINT LOUIS, OF COURSE!
AH, SAINT LOUIS, OF COURSE OF COURSE! ... AND YOU SAY HE'S WAITING FOR ME?
YES! AREN'T YOU AWARE OF THE LATEST EVENTS?
12
RECENTLY THERE WERE SOME UNEXPECTED CHANGES AND VARIOUS DRAMATICS AMONG THOSE IN HIGHER RANKS...haha ...
IN SHORT, HITLER HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!
PHYSICALLY?
SURELY NOT! WE AREN'T CHILDREN, MY DEAR! WE'RE HAPPY TO PUT HIM UNDER HOUSE ARREST IN ORDER TO AVOID TURNING HIM INTO A HERO, OR, WORSE, A MARTYR!
HIS EXCELLENCE, THE POPE'S ENVOY!
MY DEAR CARDINAL, WELCOME!

TO BE CONTINUED...


DAWN SHAME.
MEF
SHRINK, YOU DISCREDITABLE BLOOD-ENGORGED DINGUS!
DOWN, BOY!
TIORG
GIORG
TIORG!
SOMETHING TELLS ME THIS WON'T BE EASY!
H2SO4
SCHOO SCHOO SCHOO
CAN YOU BELIEVE I HATE MY OWN CRANK?
I HATE IT!
THE HORNY GOOF
BY MOEBIUS

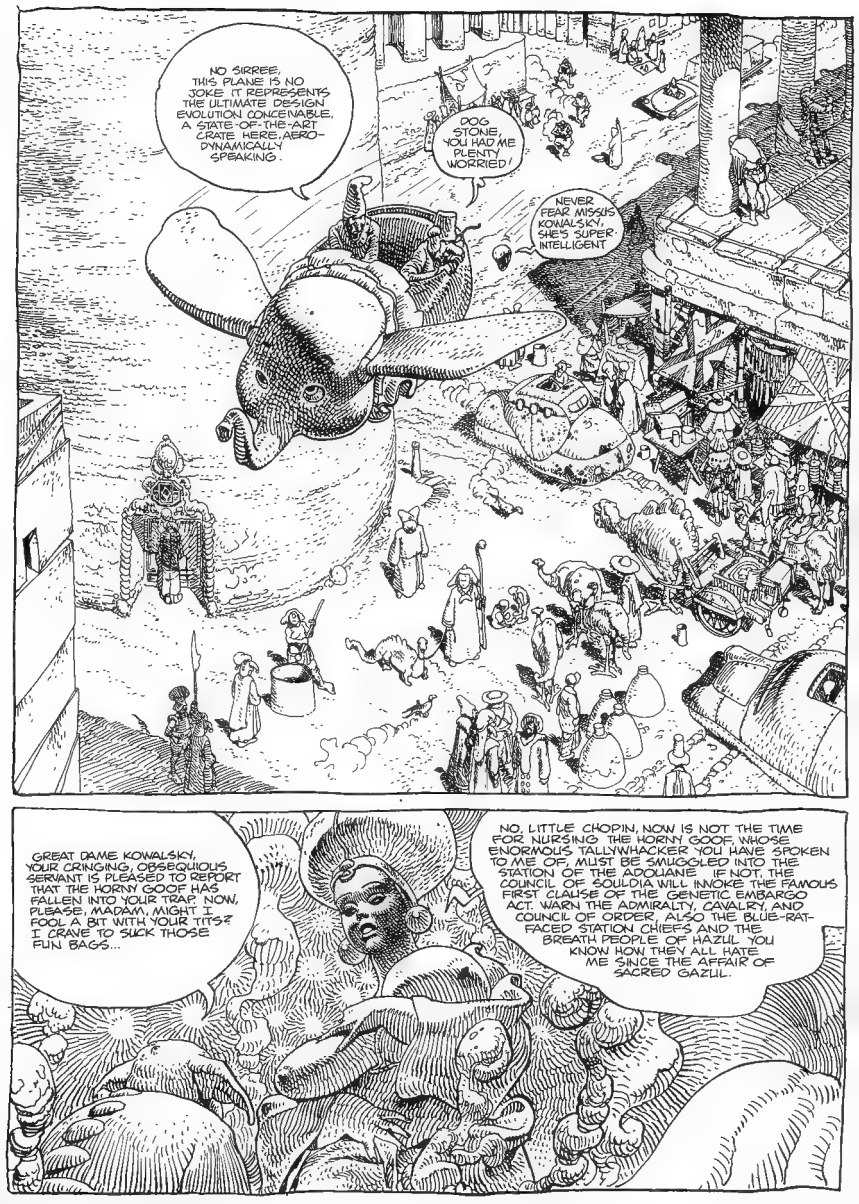

THE FOLLOWING MORNING AT THE TINY HAMLET OF BORMOCHES.
CRAP! A GUARD!

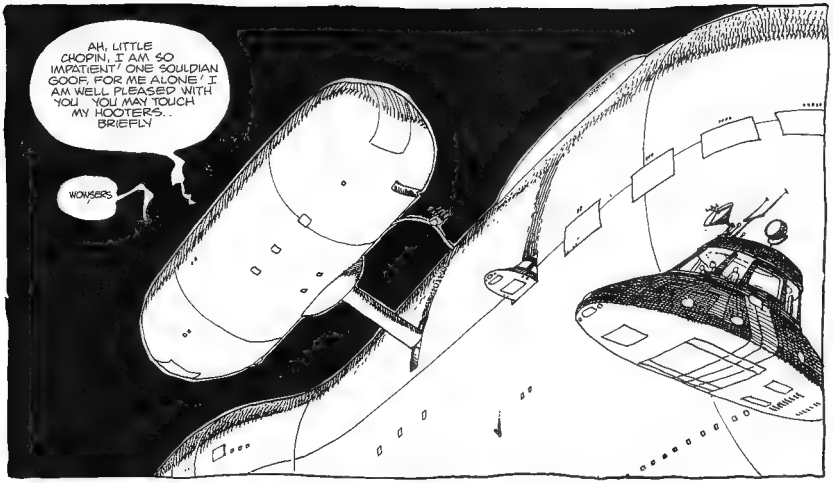

THE HORNY GOOF IS DISCOURAGED!
WHAT NOW?
LET ME EXPLAIN. PLEASE ONCE I LNED QUIETLY IN THE PEACEFUL VILLAGE OF DEAUVILLE. FOR A LIVING I SOLD SOUP MIXES TO HIKERS. I NEVER HAD THE SLIGHTEST TROUBLE WITH THE POLICE ANTISEXING SQUAD. THEN ONE DAY
I GET UP IN THE MORNING WITH A GOD-AWFUL ROD ON ME THAT WON'T GO AWAY. IT ISN'T THE HARD-ON SEASON THAT IS AUTUMN SO. I AM RUINED PURSUED BY THE COPS, SHUNNED BY FORMER FRIENDS, CAN'T GET A GOOD JOB. I HAVE BECOME THE HORNY GOOF THAT IS THE WORST CRIME ON SOULDIA DU CYGNE.
BEFORE
AFTER
THIS IS HOW ONE BECOMES A HORNY GOOF.
AN IN-EFFABLE SADNESS STEALS O'ER ME WELL
HA! HAA!
A DOG STONE! HOW EXCITING!
BLC! BLC!
AND NOW!
WELL ?
I MUST FIND A WAY TO GET INTO TOWN WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED
NAILS
STRING
BOARDS
HAMMER
YELLOW FLOWERS
SPOT
HAM SANDWICH
FIGURES
IT SEEMS MY PLAN HAS SUCCEEDED.
LAYERS OF GEM-STONES.
YOU AGAIN? GREAT
THE SOUTH SUCCEEDS? HA! I HATE..
NOT FUNNY, PAL.
MM...
IT'S RUINED? HA! I LOVE IT..


MESSAGE FOR THE GOOF!
BUENOS DIAS, GOOF. I'M HERE ON BEHALE OF SEÑORA KOWALSKY.
SHE IS BURNING TO TALK WITH YOU ABOUT WALKS IN THE MOONLIGHT, THE SMELL OF SPRING FLOWERS, ENCHANTED ARBORS.
GET MY DRIFT?
SHE USED THE WORD "URGENT." RZZZ. DID-DIT-DOT BEEP.
I AM NOT IMPRESSED. NOT AT ALL, PAL
SEÑOR GOOF. HAVE WE LOST OUR SENSE OF HUMOR?
LOOK AT THAT...
THE MAN TALKING TO THE DOG STONE?
THAT'S THE ONE
THE NAME'S PEDRO.
HOW DROLL
FLOWERS
YOU MEAN THE FLOWER VENDOR?
HIM.
CRAP SHOULD I BUG THOSE TWO IDIOTS... LET ME THINK... HMM...
SHALL WE?
FOR A MOMENT HE REMINDED ME OF LLOYD BRIDGES IN HIS FABULOUS TELEVISION SERIES, "SEA HUNT," WHICH IS, ALAS, NO MORE
AH. A BEAUTIFUL WORK
IN THE FOLLOWING FEW MILLIONTHS OF A SECOND... WELL... MAYBE A LITTLE BIT LONGER.
WHAT AM I DOING? SHOULD I FOLLOW THIS DOG STONE TO KOWALSKY'S? SHE MIGHT BE A MEMBER OF THE INSANE PE-BAGGER SECT AND NIP OFF MY TESTICLES WITH HER DREADED RITUAL GARDEN SHEARS / NO! IMPOSSIBLE! A SECT MEMBER COULD NEVER AFFORD EVEN A SMALL DOG STONE. AND THIS KOWALSKY WOMAN. THAT IS AN EARTH NAME. WHAT CAN AN EARTH BROAD WANT WITH ME? BY KNOWING OF MY SUPER-ERECTION SHE HAS PLACED HERSELF IN DANGER. MAYBE SHE JUST WANTS TO LOOK AT IT. MAYBE SHE WISHES TO PHOTOGRAPH IT FOR OMNI MAGAZINE. IN ANY CASE I CAN BE SURE IT IS NOT THE POLICE ANTISEXING SQUAD. THEY WOULDN'T TROUBLE TO EMPLOY A DOG STONE NOT IN A POOR QUARTER OF THE CITY LIKE THIS.

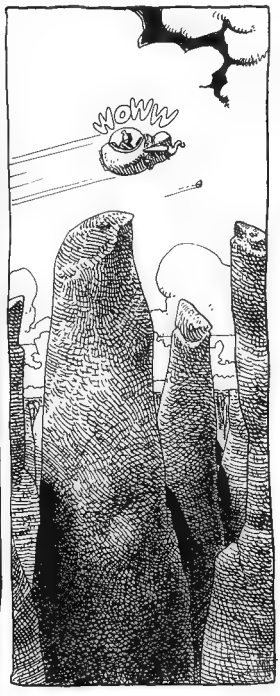
ALL AT ONCE
ANTISEXING SQUAD. THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT YOU COME WITH US.
NO WHINING, BUDDY. YOU'LL HAVE TIME FOR THAT LATER.
BUCKET OF BURNING SHIT. THE COPS!
GODDAMN DOG STONE TRICKED ME!
DON'T PANIC. STAY CALM. DON'T COUGH BLOOD OR TEAR HAIR OUT.
IT'S A MATTER OF CONTROLLING THE BREATH
STOP!
I'M PANICKING IN SPITE OF MYSELF!
COME ON, THIS WAY!
TAG TAG TAG
WHAT TH!
DAMN!
THE ANTI-SEXING SQUAD! THEY FOUND ME! I'M A DOOMED GOOF! (1)
THAT WAS CUTTING IT PRETTY FINE!

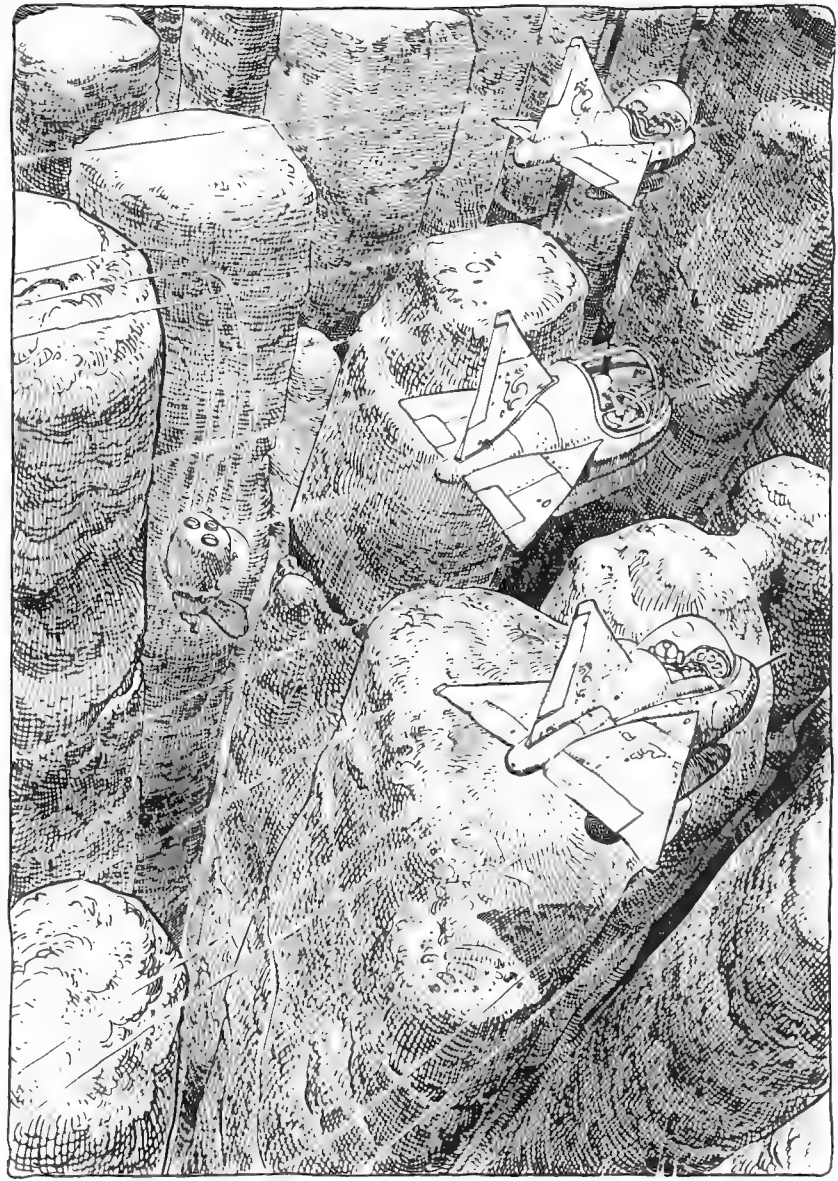
(1) WRONG AGAIN, HONEY. THE HORNY GOOF IS GOING TO ESCAPE IN THE NICK OF TIME, VIA THE ROOFTOPS. ALL SORTS OF STRANGE ADVENTURES WILL THEN ENSUE, FINALLY HE WILL DIE IN CIRCUMSTANCES OF UTMOST MISERY ON ANOTHER PLANET. IN ANOTHER TIME, AND IN ANOTHER MAGAZINE.


NO SIRREE, THIS PLANE IS NO JOKE. IT REPRESENTS THE ULTIMATE DESIGN EVOLUTION CONCEIVABLE, A STATE-OF-THE-ART CRATE HERE, AERO-DYNAMICALLY SPEAKING.
DOG STONE, YOU HAD ME PLENTY WORRIED!
NEVER FEAR MISSUS KOWALSKY, SHE'S SUPER INTELLIGENT
GREAT DAME KOWALSKY, YOUR GRINGING, OBSEQUIOUS SERVANT IS PLEASED TO REPORT THAT THE HORNY GOOF HAS FALLEN INTO YOUR TRAP. NOW, PLEASE, MADAM, MIGHT I FOOL A BIT WITH YOUR TITS? I CRAVE TO SUCK THOSE FUN BAGS...
NO, LITTLE CHOPIN, NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR NURSING. THE HORNY GOOF WHOSE ENORMOUS TALLYWHACKER YOU HAVE SPOKEN TO ME OF, MUST BE SMUGGLED INTO THE STATION OF THE ADOUANE. IF NOT, THE COUNCIL OF SOULDIA WILL INVOKE THE FAMOUS FIRST CLAUSE OF THE GENETIC EMBARGO ACT. WARN THE ADMIRALTY, CAVALRY, AND COUNCIL OF ORDER, ALSO THE BLUE-RAT-FACED STATION CHIEFS AND THE BREATH PEOPLE OF HAZUL. YOU KNOW HOW THEY ALL HATE ME SINCE THE AFFAIR OF SACRED GAZUL.

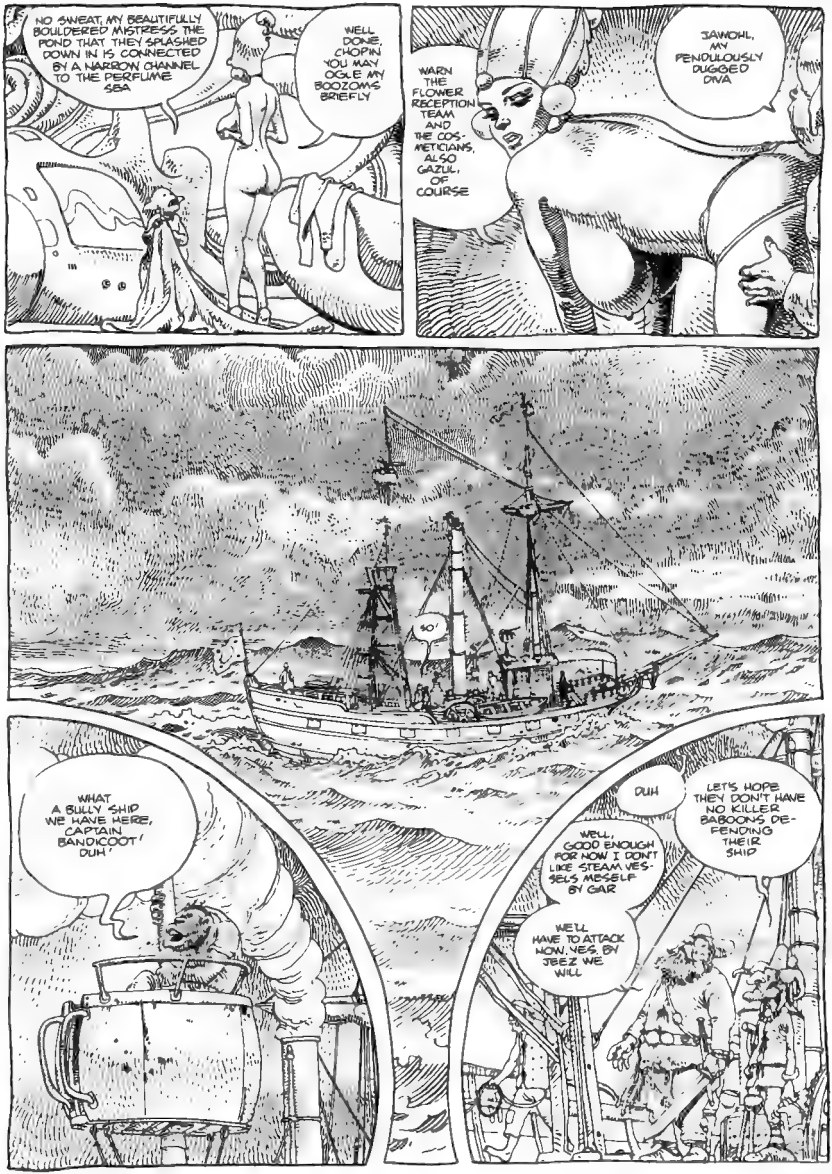

AH, LITTLE CHOPIN, I AM SO IMPATIENT' ONE SOULDIAN GOOF, FOR ME ALONE' I AM WELL PLEASED WITH YOU YOU MAY TOUCH MY HOOTERS... BRIEFLY
WOWSERS

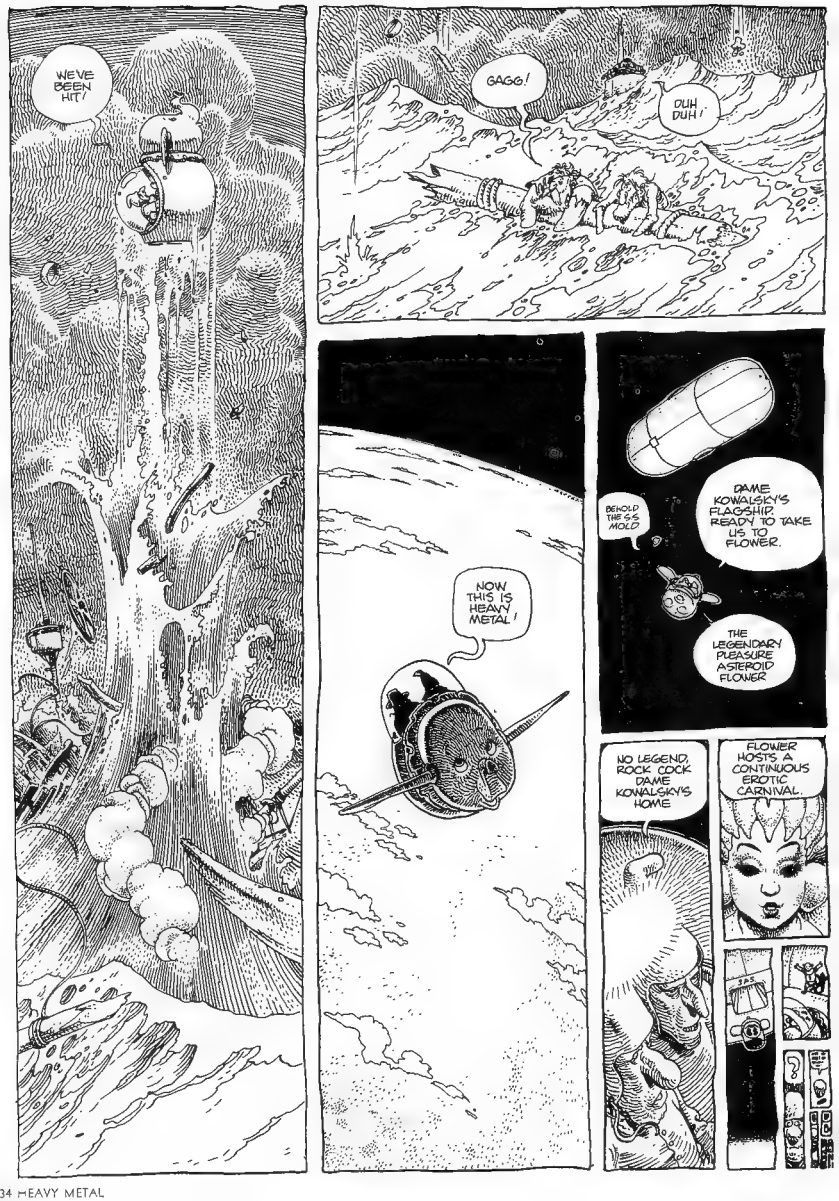
PIMPLE SHIPS FROM THE ANTISEXING SQUAD IN PURSUIT
HAUL ASS!
I COULD GET AWAY EASILY IF I REALLY WANTED TO. THIS ELEPHANT CAN FLY. NO KIDDING' THEY'RE GAINING? HMM. I WONDER WHAT THIS BLUE BUTTON DOES.
ALMOST AT ONCE THE PILOT'S QUESTION IS ANSWERED.

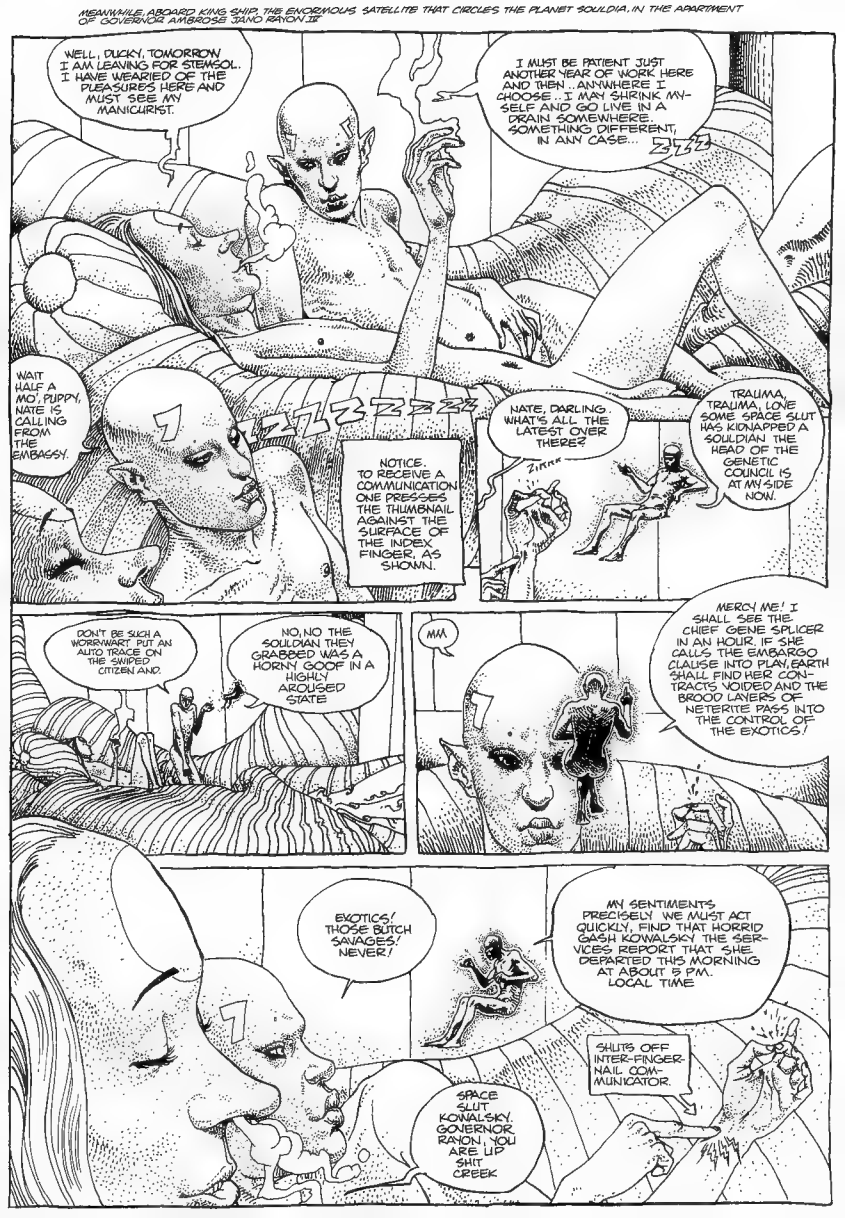

WOWN

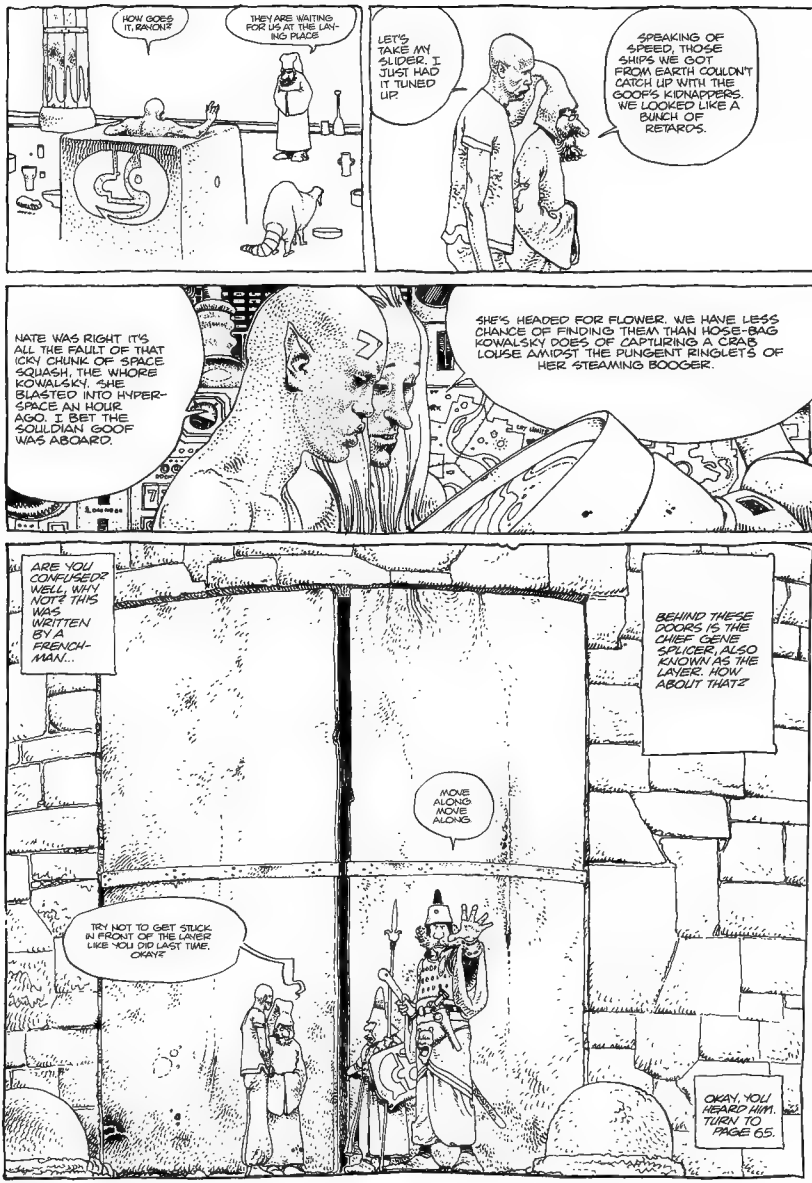


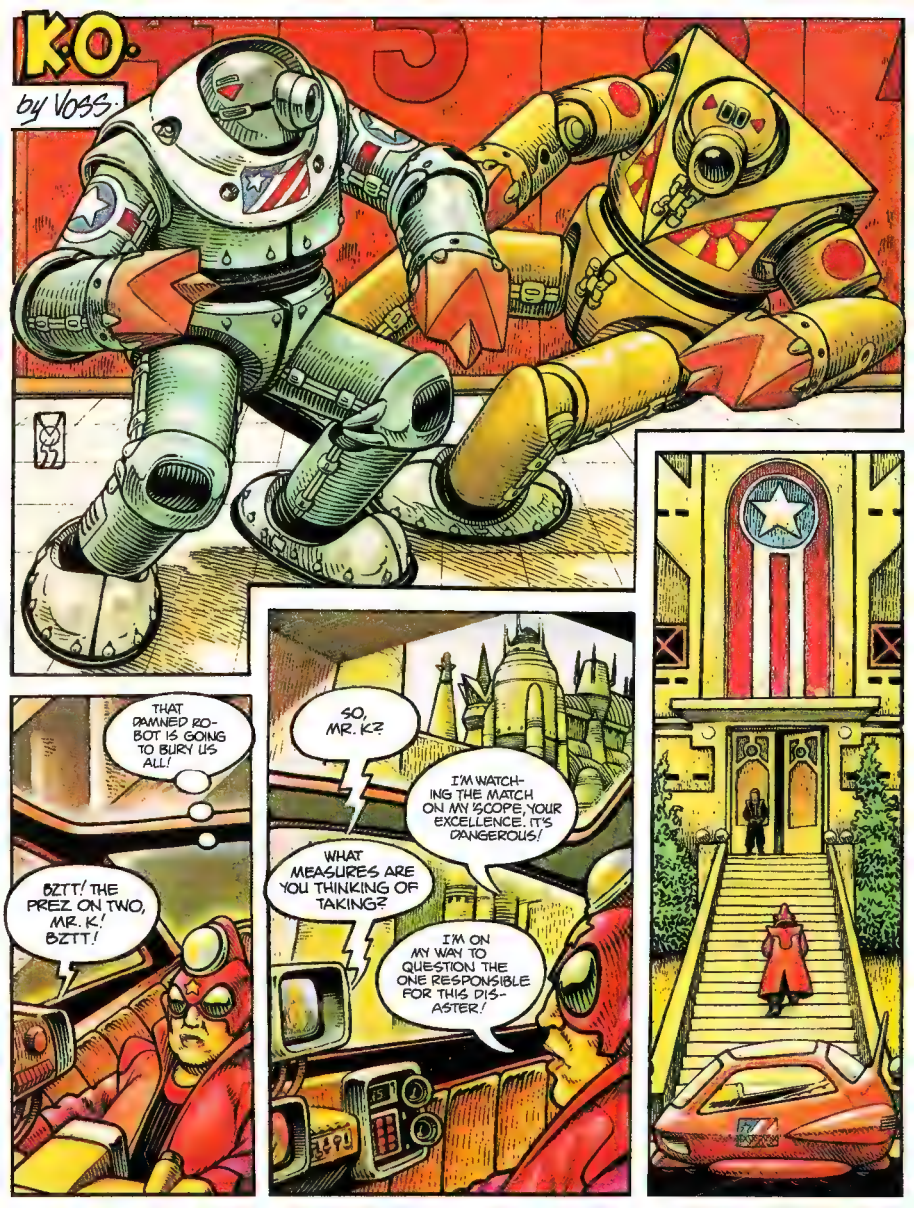
DOUBLEBUGGER! THEY ARE CRUSHED TO THE CONSISTENCY OF ALPO, I WARN YOU, LITTLE CHOPIN, IF MY HORNY PERSON IS DAMAGED I SHALL SUBJECT YOU TO SINISTER AND ECCENTRIC TORTURES!

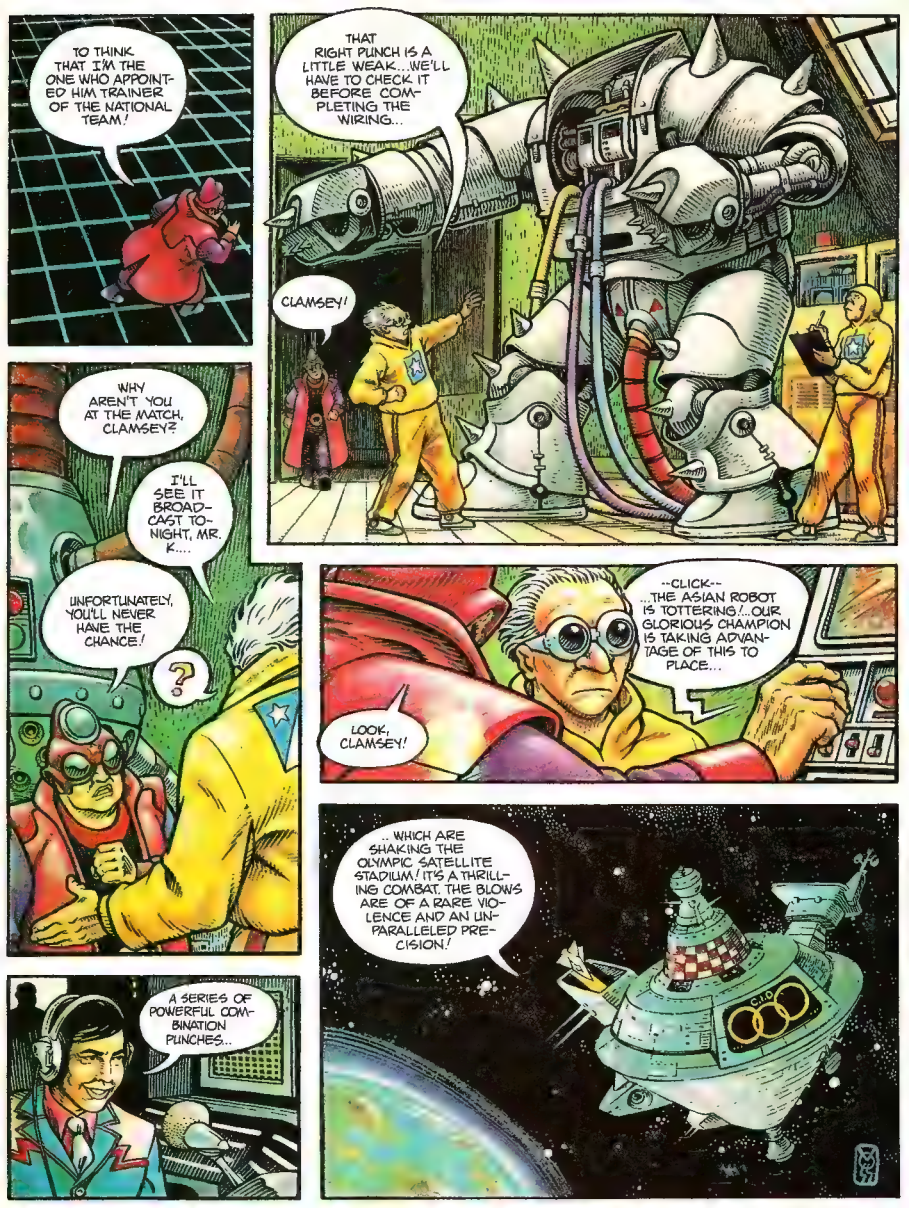

NO SWEAT, MY BEAUTIFULLY BOULDERED MISTRESS. THE POND THAT THEY SPLASHED DOWN IN IS CONNECTED BY A NARROW CHANNEL TO THE PERFUME SEA
WELL DONE, CHOPIN. YOU MAY OGLE MY BOOZOMS BRIEFLY
WARN THE FLOWER RECEPTION TEAM AND THE COSMETICIANS, ALSO GAZUL, OF COURSE
JAWOHL, MY PENDULOUSLY DUGGED DIVA
SO!
WHAT A BULLY SHIP WE HAVE HERE, CAPTAIN BANDICOOT! DUH!
DUH
LET'S HOPE THEY DON'T HAVE NO KILLER BABOONS DEFENDING THEIR SHIP
WELL, GOOD ENOUGH FOR NOW I DON'T LIKE STEAM VESSELS MESELF BY GAR
WE'LL HAVE TO ATTACK NOW, VEG. BY JEEZ WE WILL

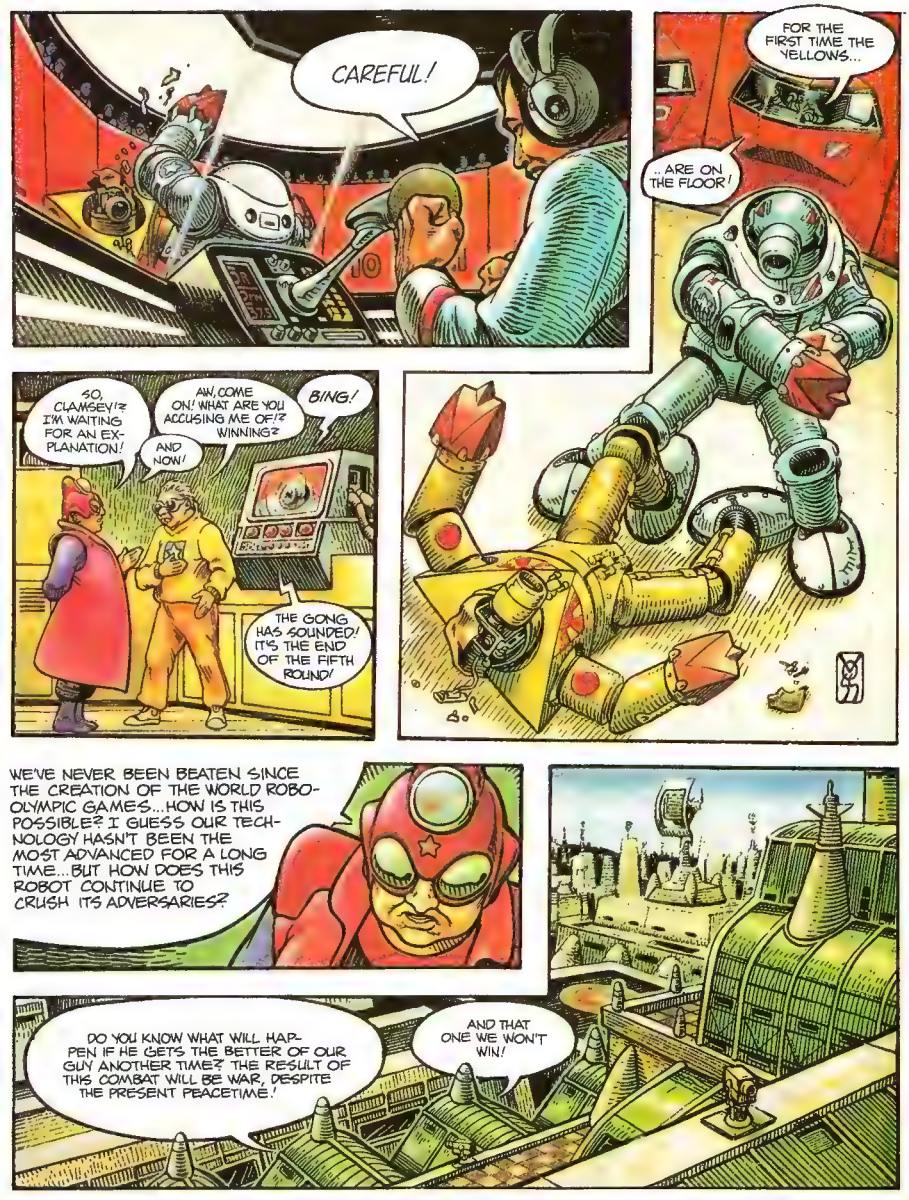

WE'VE BEEN HIT!
GAGG!
DUH, DUH!
NOW THIS IS HEAVY METAL!
BEHOLD THE S.S. MOLD
DAME KOWALSKY'S FLAGSHIP. READY TO TAKE US TO FLOWER.
THE LEGENDARY PLEASURE ASTEROID FLOWER
NO LEGEND, ROCK COCK DAME KOWALSKY'S HOME
FLOWER HOSTS A CONTINUOUS EROTIC CARNIVAL.


MEANWHILE, ABOARD KING SHIP, THE ENORMOUS SATELLITE THAT CIRCLES THE PLANET SOULDIA, IN THE APARTMENT OF GOVERNOR AMBROSE JANO RAYON II
WELL, DUCKY, TOMORROW I AM LEAVING FOR STEMSOL. I HAVE WEARIED OF THE PLEASURES HERE AND MUST SEE MY MANICURIST.
I MUST BE PATIENT JUST ANOTHER YEAR OF WORK HERE AND THEN.. ANYWHERE I CHOOSE. I MAY SHRINK MYSELF AND GO LIVE IN A DRAIN SOMEWHERE. SOMETHING DIFFERENT, IN ANY CASE...
ZZZZ
WAIT HALF A MO', PUPPY, NATE IS CALLING FROM THE EMBASSY.
ZZZZZZZZZ
NOTICE. TO RECEIVE A COMMUNICATION ONE PRESSES THE THUMBNAIL AGAINST THE SURFACE OF THE INDEX FINGER, AS SHOWN.
NATE, DARLING. WHAT'S ALL THE LATEST OVER THERE?
ZIRRR
TRAUMA, TRAUMA. LOVE SOME SPACE SLUT HAS KIDNAPPED A SOULDIAN THE HEAD OF THE GENETIC COUNCIL IS AT MY SIDE NOW.
DON'T BE SUCH A WORRYWART. PUT AN AUTO TRACE ON THE SNIPED CITIZEN AND.
NO, NO THE SOULDIAN THEY GRABBED WAS A HORNY GOOF IN A HIGHLY AROUSED STATE
MM
MERCY ME! I SHALL SEE THE CHIEF GENE SPLICER IN AN HOUR. IF SHE CALLS THE EMBARGO CLAUSE INTO PLAY, EARTH SHALL FIND HER CONTRACTS VOIDED AND THE BROOD LANERS OF NETERITE PASS INTO THE CONTROL OF THE EXOTICS!
EXOTICS! THOSE BITCH SAVAGES! NEVER!
MY SENTIMENTS PRECISELY. WE MUST ACT QUICKLY, FIND THAT HORRID GASH KOWALSKY. THE SERVICES REPORT THAT SHE DEPARTED THIS MORNING AT ABOUT 5 P.M. LOCAL TIME
SHUTS OFF INTER-FINGERNAIL COMMUNICATOR.
SPACE SLUT KOWALSKY. GOVERNOR RAYON, YOU ARE UP SHIT CREEK


HOW GOES IT, RAMON?
THEY ARE WAITING FOR US AT THE LANING PLACE
LET'S TAKE MY SLIDER. I JUST HAD IT TUNED UP.
SPEAKING OF SPEED, THOSE SHIPS WE GOT FROM EARTH COULDN'T CATCH UP WITH THE GOOF'S KIDNAPPERS. WE LOOKED LIKE A BUNCH OF RETARDS.
NATE WAS RIGHT IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF THAT ICKY CHUNK OF SPACE SQUASH, THE WHORE KOWALSKY. SHE BLASTED INTO HYPER-SPACE AN HOUR AGO. I BET THE SOULDIAN GOOF WAS ABOARD.
SHE'S HEADED FOR FLOWER. WE HAVE LESS CHANCE OF FINDING THEM THAN HOSE-BAG KOWALSKY DOES OF CAPTURING A CRAB LOUSE AMIDST THE PUNGENT RINGLETS OF HER STEAMING BOOGER.
ARE YOU CURIOUS? OR WELL, WHY NOT? THIS WAS WRITTEN BY A FRENCH-MAN...
BEHIND THESE DOORS IS THE CHIEF GENIE SPLICER, ALSO KNOWN AS THE LAYER. HOW ABOUT THAT?
MOVE ALONG. MOVE ALONG.
TRY NOT TO GET STUCK IN FRONT OF THE LAYER LIKE YOU DID LAST TIME. OKAY?
OKAY, YOU HEARD HIM. TURN TO PAGE 65.

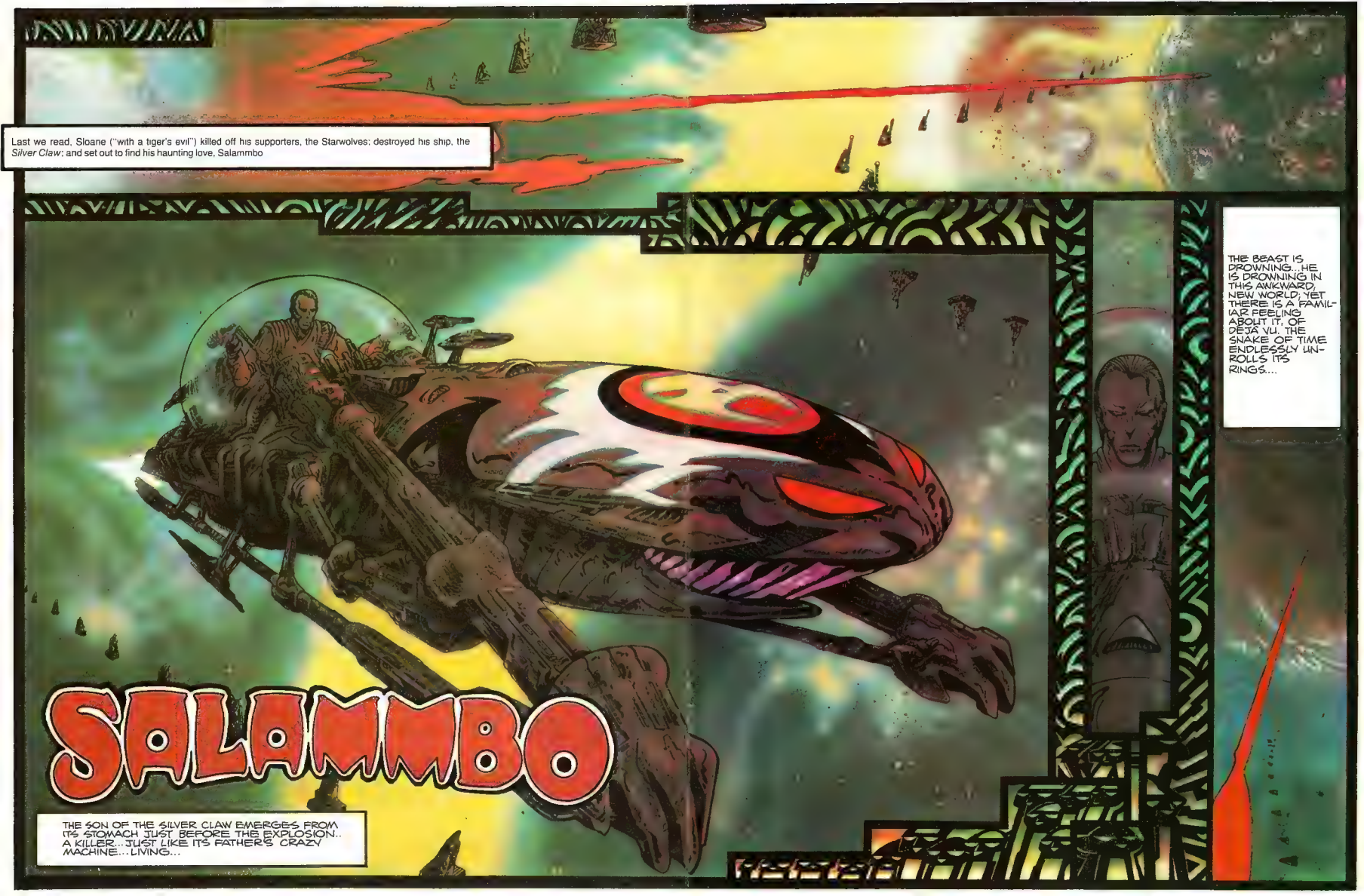

K.O.
by VOSS
THAT DAMNED ROBOT IS GOING TO BURY US ALL!
BZTT! THE PREZ ON TWO, MR. K! BZTT!
SO, MR. K?
I'M WATCHING THE MATCH ON MY SCOPE, YOUR EXCELLENCE. IT'S DANGEROUS!
WHAT MEASURES ARE YOU THINKING OF TAKING?
I'M ON MY WAY TO QUESTION THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS DISASTER!

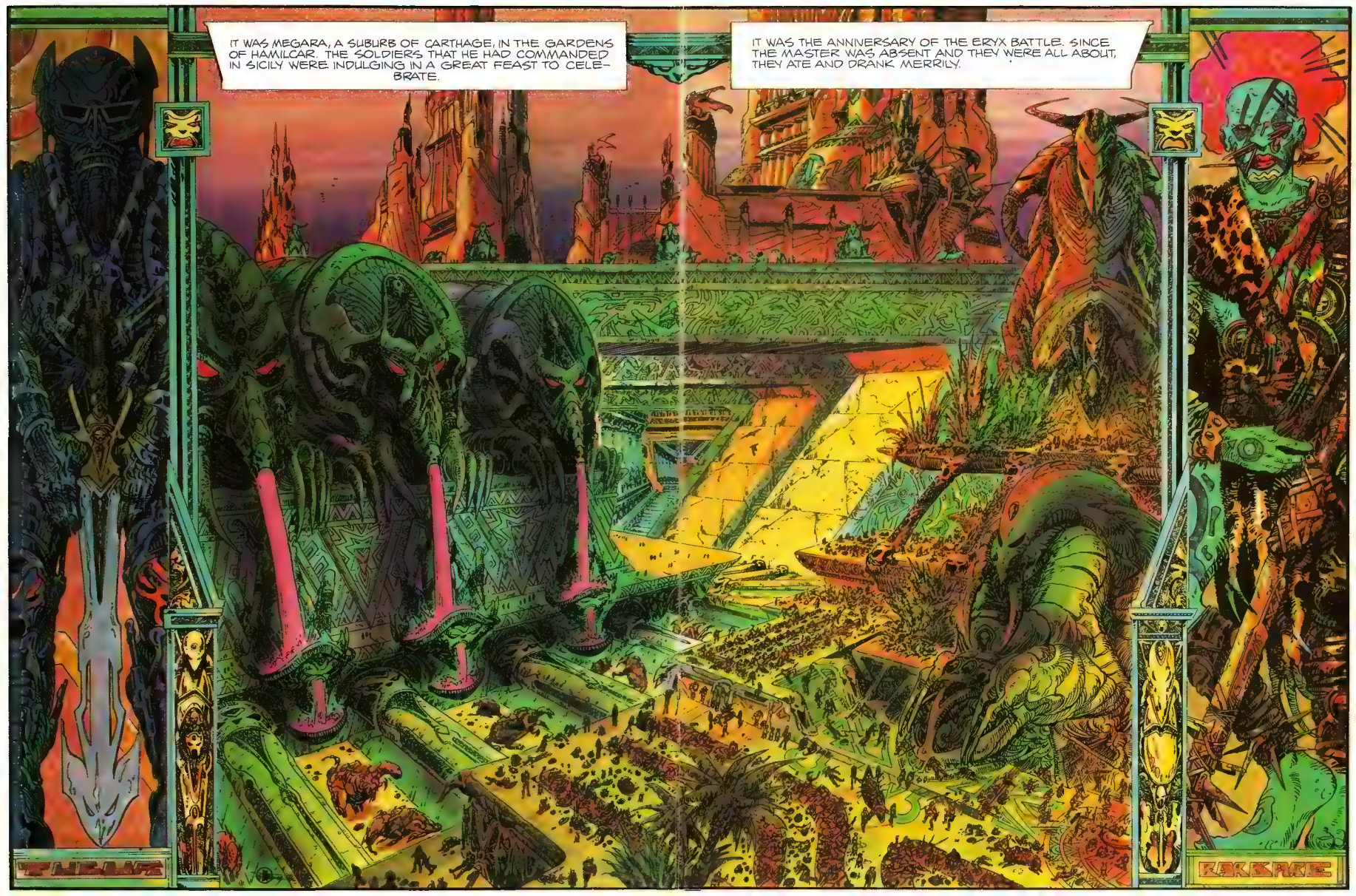

TO THINK THAT I'M THE ONE WHO APPOINTED HIM TRAINER OF THE NATIONAL TEAM!
THAT RIGHT PUNCH IS A LITTLE WEAK...WE'LL HAVE TO CHECK IT BEFORE COMPLETING THE WIRING...
CLAMSEY!
WHY AREN'T YOU AT THE MATCH, CLAMSEY?
I'LL SEE IT BROADCAST TONIGHT, MR. K....
UNFORTUNATELY, YOU'LL NEVER HAVE THE CHANCE!
?
--CLICK-- ...THE ASIAN ROBOT IS TOTTERING!..OUR GLORIOUS CHAMPION IS TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THIS TO PLACE...
LOOK, CLAMSEY!
A SERIES OF POWERFUL COMBINATION PUNCHES..
...WHICH ARE SHAKING THE OLYMPIC SATELLITE STADIUM! IT'S A THRILLING COMBAT. THE BLOWS ARE OF A RARE VIOLENCE AND AN UNPARALLELED PRECISION!


CAREFUL!
FOR THE FIRST TIME THE YELLOWS...
..ARE ON THE FLOOR!
SO, CLAWSEY!? I'M WAITING FOR AN EXPLANATION!
AW, COME ON! WHAT ARE YOU ACCUSING ME OF!? WINNING?
AND NOW!
BING!
THE GONG HAS SOUNDED! IT'S THE END OF THE FIFTH ROUND!
WE'VE NEVER BEEN BEATEN SINCE THE CREATION OF THE WORLD ROBO-OLYMPIC GAMES...HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE? I GUESS OUR TECHNOLOGY HASN'T BEEN THE MOST ADVANCED FOR A LONG TIME...BUT HOW DOES THIS ROBOT CONTINUE TO CRUSH ITS ADVERSARIES?
DO YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF HE GETS THE BETTER OF OUR GUY ANOTHER TIME? THE RESULT OF THIS COMBAT WILL BE WAR, DESPITE THE PRESENT PEACETIME!
AND THAT ONE WE WON'T WIN!

RB 57
WHAT COULD BE THE SECRET OF THIS ROBOT, WHICH REPRESENTS ALL TOO WELL OUR FAILING TECHNOLOGY?
LET'S SEE.
THE PIVOTING HEAD, THE WIDE-LENS CAMERA, THE ARMOR MADE OF HARD STEEL, THE HAMMERS MADE OF PLASTIPLOMB, VENTED SHOES, ALL OF THAT IS PRESCRIBED.. UNLESS... CLAMSEY!
YES, MR. K?
WHAT CHARACTER PROFILE DID YOU RECORD ON THE PSYCHO-CASSETTE IN THE ELECTRONIC BRAIN OF THIS BRUTE?
MEANWHILE, AT THE OLYMPIC SATELLITE STADIUM.
I...UH...I WANTED TO EXPERIMENT...
AN EXPERIMENT?
AN ARCHEOLOGY TEAM FOUND, UNDER THE RUINS OF LOS ANGELES, A DOZEN BODIES IN A STATE OF ASTONISHING FRESHNESS...THANKS TO CRYOGENICS EQUIPMENT THAT WE FOUND IN PERFECT WORKING ORDER...
GET TO THE FACTS, CLAMSEY!
THEY SUCCEEDED IN REVIVING ONE, IN JUST ENOUGH TIME TO RECORD A PSYCHOMENTAL CASSETTE...WHICH THEY GAVE TO ME....
AND WHY?
BECAUSE IT CONCERNED A BOXER!

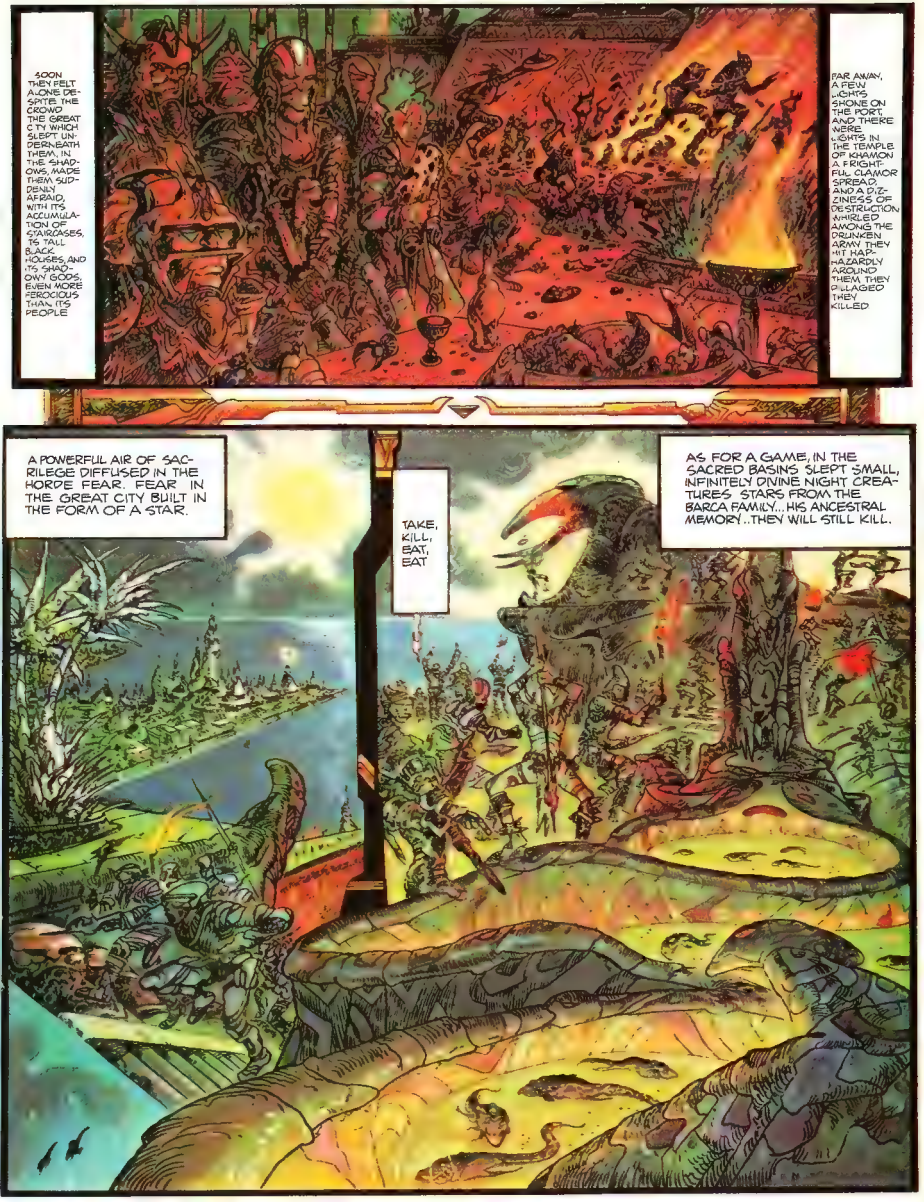
YOU PROGRAMMED THIS ROBOT WITH THE MENTALITY OF THAT BOXER ZZZ.
..DEAD FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY!? AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO US IF HE WINS AGAIN?
VICTORY!
HIT BY A FLASHING RIGHT...
..THE ORIENTAL ANDROID STAGGERS AND FALLS! THE REFEREE IS APPROACHING...
1.2.3. 4.5.6.7. 8.9..
8.7.6.5.4.3...
宇宙移住計画
日本沈没
IT WAS A BOXER BY THE NAME OF CASSIUS CLAY...OR MUHAMMAD ALI... I DON'T KNOW ANYMORE...
EVERYONE UNDER COVER!
FIN


Last we read, Sloane ("with a tiger's evil") killed off his supporters, the Starwolves; destroyed his ship, the *Silver Claw*; and set out to find his haunting love, Salammbo
SALAMMBO
THE SON OF THE SILVER CLAW EMERGES FROM ITS STOMACH JUST BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.. A KILLER...JUST LIKE ITS FATHER'S CRAZY MACHINE...LIVING...
THE BEAST IS DROWNING...HE IS DROWNING IN THIS AWKWARD, NEW WORLD. YET THERE IS A FAMILIAR FEELING ABOUT IT, OF DEJA VU. THE SNAKE OF TIME ENDLESSLY UNROLLS ITS RINGS...


IT WAS MEGARA, A SUBURB OF CARTHAGE, IN THE GARDENS OF HAMILCAR. THE SOLDIERS THAT HE HAD COMMANDED IN SICILY WERE INDULGING IN A GREAT FEAST TO CELEBRATE.
IT WAS THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE ERYX BATTLE. SINCE THE MASTER WAS ABSENT AND THEY WERE ALL ABOUT, THEY ATE AND DRANK MERRILY.
FLAME
RAKKARE

THE COUNCIL HAD DECIDED THE BANQUET SHOULD BE HELD IN HIS HOUSE. THE CONVALESCENTS WHO SLEPT IN THE TEMPLE OF ESCHMOUN CRAWLED THERE OR BORE THEIR CRUTCHES. THEY HAD STARTED ON THEIR WAY AT DAWN. OTHER CELEBRANTS ARRIVED CONTINUOUSLY FROM EVERY DIRECTION. PEOPLE ARRIVED IN-CESSANTLY LIKE TORRENTS FALLING INTO A LAKE. BETWEEN THE TREES ONE COULD SEE THE KITCHEN SLAVES RUNNING, BEWILDERED AND HALF-NAKED. THE SUN WAS SETTING AND THE SCENT FROM THE LEMON TREES MADE THE SMELL OF THIS SWEATING CROWD EVEN HEAVIER.

THEY STRETCHED OUT ON THE CUSHIONS, THEY ATE CROUCHED OVER LARGE PLATES OR ELSE SLEPT ON THEIR STOMACHS. THEY GRABBED PIECES OF MEAT AND GORGED THEMSELVES. THEY LEANED ON THEIR ELBOWS IN THE PEACEFUL POSE OF LIONS WHEN THEY ARE DEVOURING THEIR PREY. THE KITCHENS OF HAMILCAR WERE NOT ENOUGH; THE COUNCIL HAD SENT THEM SLAVES, DISHES, AND BEDS. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GARDEN, AS ON A BATTLE-FIELD WHEN THE DEAD ARE BURNED, LARGE BRIGHT FIRES WERE ROASTING BEEF. NIGHT FELL. THE TARPAULIN SPREAD ON THE AVENUE OF CYPRESS WAS PULLED BACK AND TORCHES WERE BROUGHT OUT. AS THEIR DRUNKENNESS INCREASED, THEY RE-MEMBERED MORE AND MORE OF THE INJUSTICE IN CARTHAGE. ACTUALLY, THE REPUBLIC, EXHAUSTED FROM THE WAR, HAD LET ALL THE RETURNING TROOPS ACCUMULATE IN THE CITY BISCAN, THEIR GENERAL, HAD, HOWEVER, HAD THE PRUDENCE TO SEND THEM BACK ONE AFTER ANOTHER IN ORDER TO FACILITATE THE PAYMENT OF THEIR SALARY, AND THE COUNCIL HAD BELIEVED THAT THEY WOULD HAVE TO SETTLE FOR REDUCED PAYMENT. BUT TODAY, THEY HOLD A GRUDGE AGAINST THEM FOR NOT BEING ABLE TO PAY. THEY WERE, AS IN ROME, AN ENEMY FOR CARTHAGE... THE MERCENARIES UNDERSTOOD IT. THEREFORE, THEIR INDIGNATION EXPLODED IN THREATS AND IN DISSOLUTE LIVING....
DOA

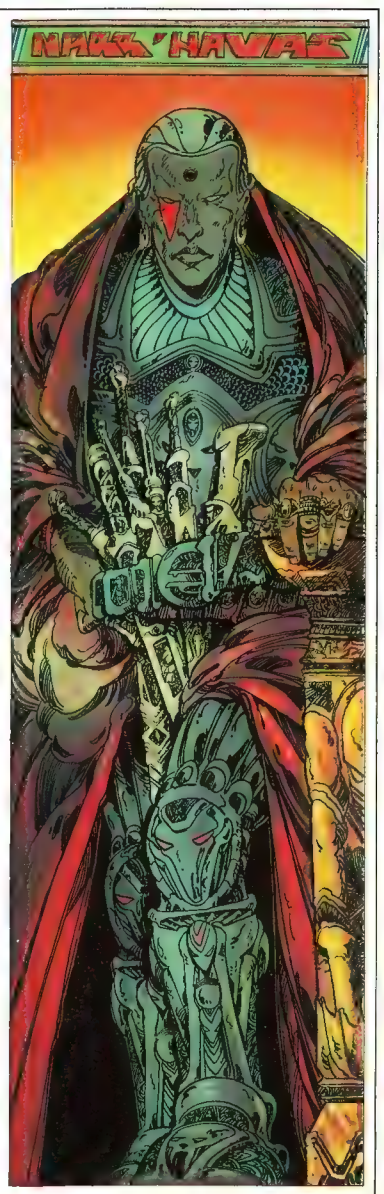

SOON THEY FELT ALONE DESPITE THE CROWD THE GREAT CITY WHICH SLEPT UNDERNEATH THEM, IN THE SHADOWS, MADE THEM SUDDENLY AFRAID, WITH ITS ACCUMULATION OF STAIRCASES, ITS TALL BLACK HOUSES, AND ITS SHADOWY GODS, EVEN MORE FEROCIOUS THAN ITS PEOPLE
FAR AWAY, A FEW LIGHTS SHONE ON THE PORT AND THERE WERE FIGHTS IN THE TEMPLE OF KHAMON A FRIGHTFUL CLAMOR SPREAD AND A DIZZINESS OF DESTRUCTION WHIRLED AMONG THE DRUNKEN ARMY THEY HIT HAPHAZARDLY AROUND THEM, THEY PILLAGED THEN KILLED
A POWERFUL AIR OF SACRILEGE DIFFUSED IN THE HORDE FEAR. FEAR IN THE GREAT CITY BUILT IN THE FORM OF A STAR.
TAKE, KILL, EAT, EAT
AS FOR A GAME, IN THE SACRED BASINS SLEPT SMALL, INFINITELY DIVINE NIGHT CREATURES STARS FROM THE BARCA FAMILY... HIS ANCESTRAL MEMORY.. THEY WILL STILL KILL.

FROM THE GOLD AT THE BOTTOM OF THE BASINS, FOR DIRTY LITTLE TOADS, HA, HA, HA!
THEY WERE STILL LAUGHING WHEN THE PALACE WAS SET ABLAZE, UP TO ITS HIGHEST TERRACE, IN ONE SINGLE BLOW, A WOMAN, THE VERY DAUGHTER OF HAMILCAR, APPEARED ON THE THRESHOLD. THEN, IT WAS THE TEMPLE ITSELF THAT ADVANCED TOWARD THEM...THE CLAMOR WAS STILLED....

STILL NO ONE KNOWS HER. THEY ONLY KNEW THAT SHE LIVED PREOCCUPIED WITH HER DEVOUT PRACTICES. THE SOLDIERS HAD NOTICED HER AT THE SUMMIT OF HER PALACE. SHE WAS ON HER KNEES, BEFORE THE STARS, SURROUNDED BY SWIRLS OF INCENSE. IT WAS THE MOON THAT MADE HER SO PALE, AND SOMETHING OF THE GODS ENVELOPED HER LIKE A SUBTLE VAPOR. HER PUPILS SEEMED TO LOOK INTO THE DISTANCE, BEYOND THE EARTHLY SPACES.

DEAD! EVERY ONE DEAD! YOU WILL NO LONGER COME OBEDIENTLY WHEN I CALL. WHILE SEATED BESIDE THE LAKE, THROWING WATERMELON SEEDS IN TO YOUR MOUTHS! THE MYSTERY OF TANIT ROLLED AT THE BACK OF YOUR EYES, MORE LIMPID THAN THE GLOBULES OF RIVERS YOU KILLED THEM ATE THEM WHAT DID YOU DO! WHAT DID YOU DO!

HAVEN'T I NOURISHED ALL OF YOU PLENTIFULLY? WHERE ARE YOU, THENZ? IS THIS A CONQUERED CITY OR THE PALACE OF A MASTER? AND WHAT MASTERS! THE MIGHTY HAMILCAR, MY FATHER, SERVANT OF THE BAALS!



AH! POOR CARTHAGE! LAMENTABLE CITY! YOU NO LONGER HAVE THE STRONG MEN OF EARLIER TIMES WHO BUILT THE UNIVERSE TO DEFEND YOU, WEAVING THE STARS IN ORDER TO MAKE TEMPLES TO THE GLORY OF OUR GODS. ALL THE COUNTRIES WORKED AROUND YOU, AND THE PLAINS OF THE SEA, BELABORED BY YOUR OARS, BORE THE HARVESTS
THEN SHE BEGAN TO SING THE MARVELOUS SONGS OF LONG AGO. THE SOLDIERS, FASCINATED, ADMIRED THE BEAUTY OF SALAMMBO, FORGETTING THE LEGITIMATE OBJECT OF THEIR ANGER: THE MONEY THAT THE REPUBLIC OWED THEM, THE PRICE OF THEIR BLOOD. SHE SANG IN AN OLD DIALECT FROM THE LAND OF CANAAN THAT THE BARBARIANS DIDN'T UNDERSTAND. THEY WONDERED WHAT SHE COULD TELL THEM WITH THE FRIGHTFUL GESTURES THAT ACCOMPANIED HER CHANT. TWO MEN LOOKED AT HER MORE INTENTLY STILL. ONE WAS A NUMIDIAN PRINCE. HE WORE A PARK SUIT FROM THE FARAWAY PLANETS. IT WAS BY ACCIDENT THAT HE FOUND HIMSELF AT THE BANQUET. HIS FATHER HAD MADE HIM LIVE WITH THE BARCAS, ACCORDING TO THE CUSTOM OF THE KINGS WHO SENT THEIR CHILDREN TO GREAT FAMILIES TO PREPARE FOR THE ALLIANCES. HE WAS SEEING SALAMMBO FOR THE FIRST TIME.
HE WAS CALLED NARR'HAVAS. NO ONE KNEW WHERE THE OTHER ONE CAME FROM. HIS KNOWLEDGE OF COMBAT HAD BECOME LEGENDARY. HE WAS FEARED; HE HAD BECOME THE CHIEF OF A MYSTERIOUS TRIBE WITH MASKED FACES, EVEN MORE BARBAROUS THAN THE OTHER KILLERS. THEY NEVER TOOK FOOD, AND THEIR SMELL WAS VILE. THEY LOVED TO FIGHT, ESPECIALLY AT NIGHT, PREFERRING THEIR TEETH TO ANCIENT CARTHAGE'S WEAPONS, WHICH, EMPTIED OF THEIR ENERGY, HAD BECOME BUT DANGEROUS CLUBS. THEIR ARMS CARRIED, ENCRUSTED ON THEM, THE MUMMIFIED HEADS OF THEIR CONQUERED ENEMIES. THIS MYSTERIOUS MAN WAS CALLED MATHO, BUT THE PARTICULAR FLASH OF HIS GAZE ALSO CAUSED HIM TO BE CALLED "RED EYES." IN ANOTHER UNIVERSE HIS REAL NAME WAS SLOANE. SALAMMBO WAS QUIET.

FOR YOU, I SANG THE LEGEND OF AMORTAL CARTHAGE. THEN SPOKE THE SACRED WORDS OF THE APPEASEMENT. AND YOU, YOU THE WARRIOR WITH THE RED EYES DRINK.
THE GODS PROTECT YOU YOU ARE GOING TO BECOME RICH. WHEN IS THE MARRIAGE?
WHAT MARRIAGE?
YOURS! BECAUSE IN OUR LAND WHEN A WOMAN MAKES A SOLDIER DRINK, IT'S BECAUSE SHE'S OFFERING HIM HER BED

TO BE CONTINUED

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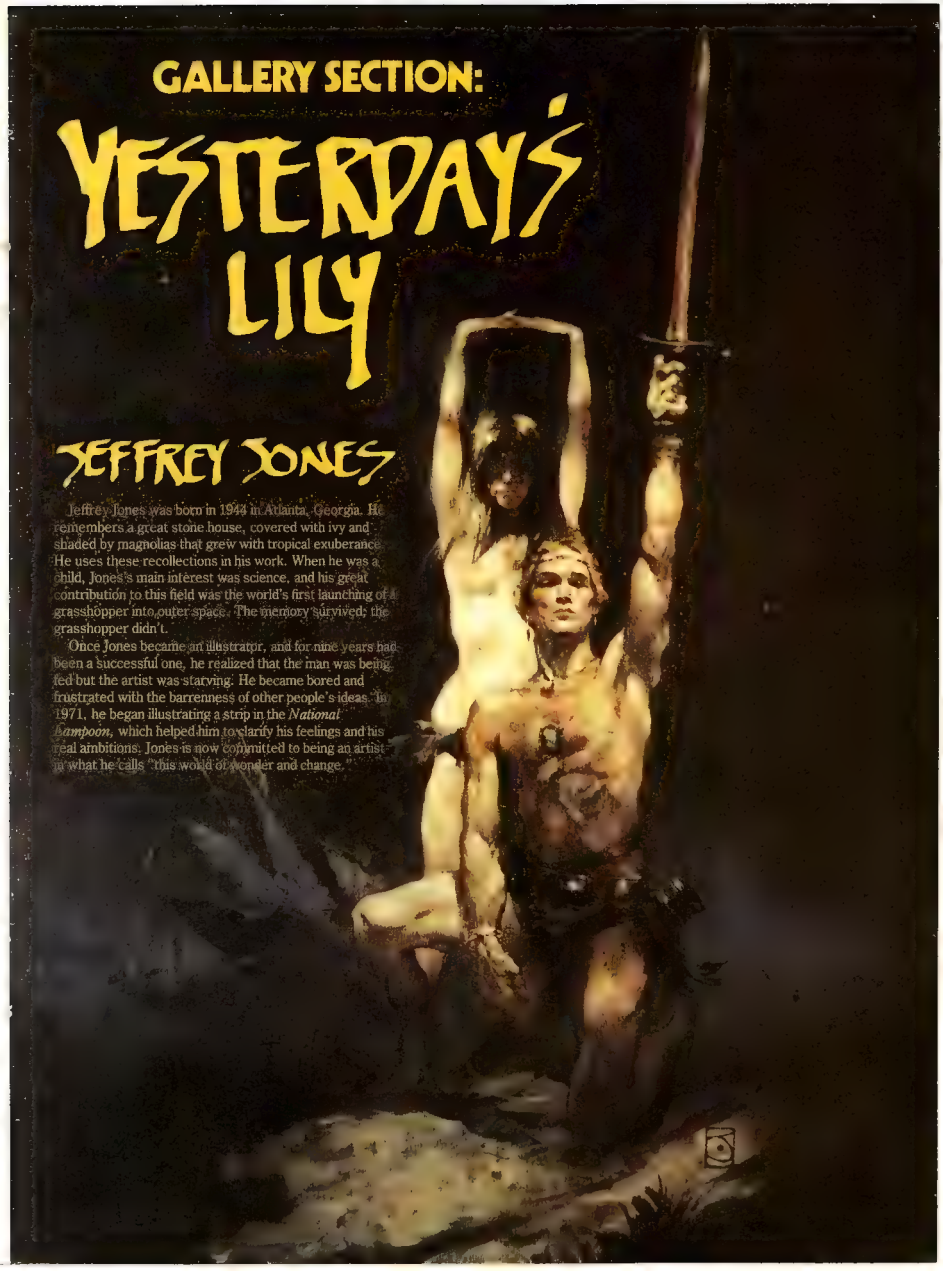
GALLERY SECTION:

YESTERDAY'S LILY

JEFFREY JONES

Jeffrey Jones was born in 1944 in Atlanta, Georgia. He remembers a great stone house, covered with ivy and shaded by magnolias that grew with tropical exuberance. He uses these recollections in his work. When he was a child, Jones's main interest was science, and his great contribution to this field was the world's first launching of a grasshopper into outer space. The memory survived; the grasshopper didn't.

Once Jones became an illustratpr, and for nine years had been a successful one, he realized that the man was being fed but the artist was starving. He became bored and frustrated with the barrenness of other people's ideas. In 1971, he began illustrating a strip in the *National Lampoon*, which helped him to clarify his feelings and his real ambitions. Jones is now committed to being an artist in what he calls "this world of wonder and change."



Jeff Jones interviewed by Eric Kimball

For many years now, you have been an artist actively engaged in the workings of the marketplace—a seeming contradiction. Have you found that there exists a point where one might truly reconcile the two worlds?

There is none for me. I would not want it otherwise.

The disadvantages, then, far outweigh the possible rewards?

Apart from the obvious reward of financial security, the commercial world has the devious lure of disseminating an artist's work to the largest possible audience. In the beginning, my concerns were primarily a struggle for skills alone. Constant deadline pressures and hard competition with other artists taught me those. I can draw or paint an arm, a head, a sky, by—well, whenever you want it, and it can be printed and circulated to millions.

This is the marketplace. But the marketplace is responsible to its investors, and when some revelation enters my mind, the marketplace is not interested—for it is a world of sales figures, reports, and imitations of what in the past has sold well.

What was your response to these realities? Were you forced to make obvious concessions in your work?

I responded by ignoring my own perceptions when I started, and by trying to produce the best possible redundancies. I succeeded. My work not only sold well, it sold products well.

Do you find that you have an established audience at this point in your career?

I do have an audience, which I respect very much.

How do you view its relationship to you—and to your continuing work?

This audience supports what I do—although, I'm afraid, only on the basis of what I have done. When my audience hears of something new by me, most of them probably have a preconceived idea of what it will look like.

As my work changes, some of my audience will undoubtedly become anxious. I think the best audience an artist could have would be one based on "I can't wait to see what he'll do next."

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are distributed in the United States by Quick Fox.

You have repeatedly spoken of conditioning. To what extent do you feel that you have been influenced by the thought and work of others in the past? Do you believe yourself free of influences at this point?

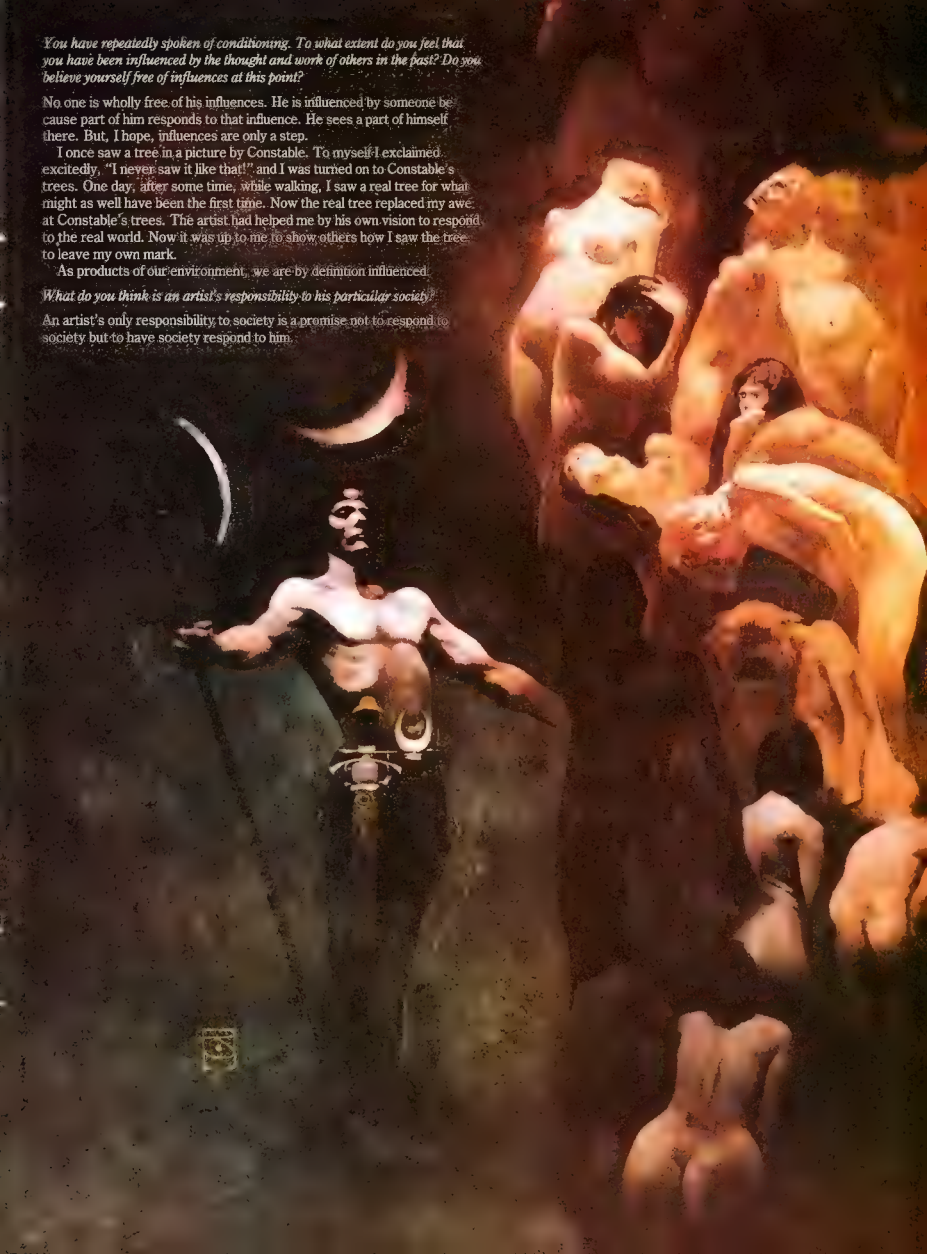
No one is wholly free of his influences. He is influenced by someone because part of him responds to that influence. He sees a part of himself there. But, I hope, influences are only a step.

I once saw a tree in a picture by Constable. To myself I exclaimed excitedly, "I never saw it like that!" and I was turned on to Constable's trees. One day, after some time, while walking, I saw a real tree for what might as well have been the first time. Now the real tree replaced my awe at Constable's trees. The artist had helped me by his own vision to respond to the real world. Now it was up to me to show others how I saw the tree to leave my own mark.

As products of our environment, we are by definition influenced.

What do you think is an artist's responsibility to his particular society?

An artist's only responsibility to society is a promise not to respond to society but to have society respond to him.



Then what would you say are an artist's responsibilities to himself?

An artist must try to make one and one come out to three. He must add a thing which never before existed. He must see things synergistically, if you will. In a pile of stones he must see a cathedral; in a tube of paint, he must see a world.

Every individual sees the world differently and uniquely. What makes an artist an artist is his ability to put down in a record a degree of his uniqueness.

An artist is in a very precarious position, put there by his society as a result of misunderstood urges. Once, man-as-beast chose his leaders very straightforwardly, not unlike many other species. One who could hit harder and faster was a great asset in defeating enemies and procuring food. As tribes became more complex and more food was necessary, the painter of rituals on the wall started to be looked up to more and more, as did the primitive architect and house builder.

Later, as language developed, the orator and writer took over part of the job of the artist. Now, a curious thing had occurred: society was at once in awe and in fear of those who were somehow different and could show them what to do and where to go.

As the stirrings of this differentness begin to appear, children are ostracized because of it. They cannot fit in. The rules are not important to them. Some seem strange, shy; some are troublemakers. So, barred from the group and thrown out on their own, they have choices: one is a retreat into psychosis or incapacitating neurosis; another is a strengthening of individuality and self-confidence. It is sink or swim.

Those who swim can now come back and show society a new road. This, added to the roads of other swimmers, provides a map for change. A homogeneous group will never lead itself anywhere.

In an age of rapidly expanding electronic media, you remain an artist who is primarily concerned with static forms. Do you foresee a day when those forms will be finally rendered obsolete, as our senses are forced to evolve along new channels?

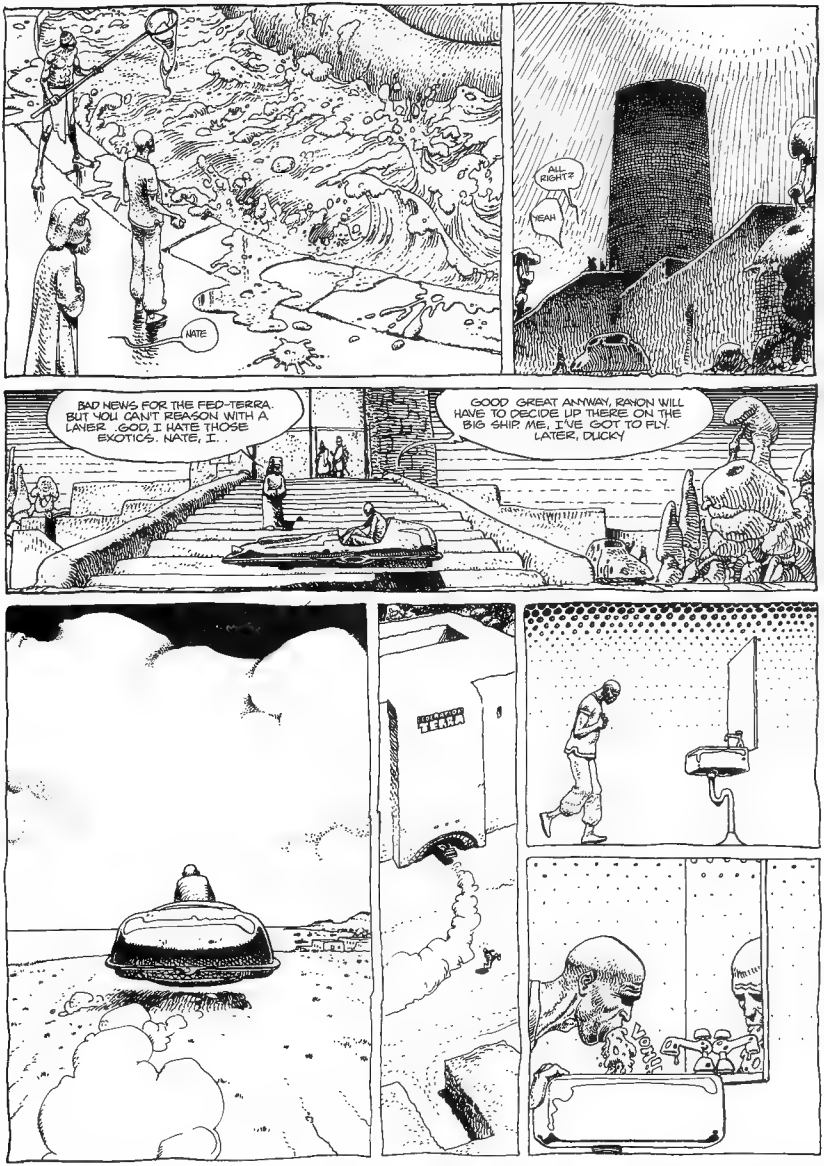
No. Electronic media are a wonderful means of communicating to a vast audience. But the vaster the audience, the more explicit must be the communication. A piece of art is an implicit thing and will communicate itself most to a few, and then most when seen as itself—in the original. This is the value of museums.

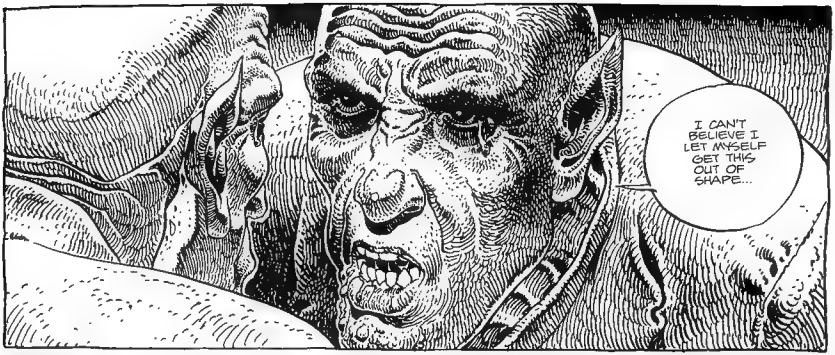
This final question takes us back to the first. You have just withdrawn from the commercial marketplace in order to concentrate your energies more fully upon your own, more personal work. Could you say just what it is that is currently commanding your attentions?

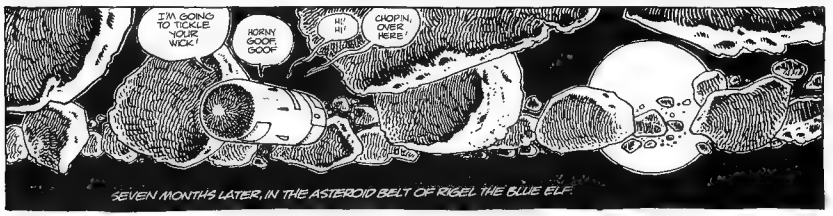
I am fascinated by the combination of words and pictures and think it has great expressive potential.

I don't know what the future will bring. I just hope each day to surprise myself.

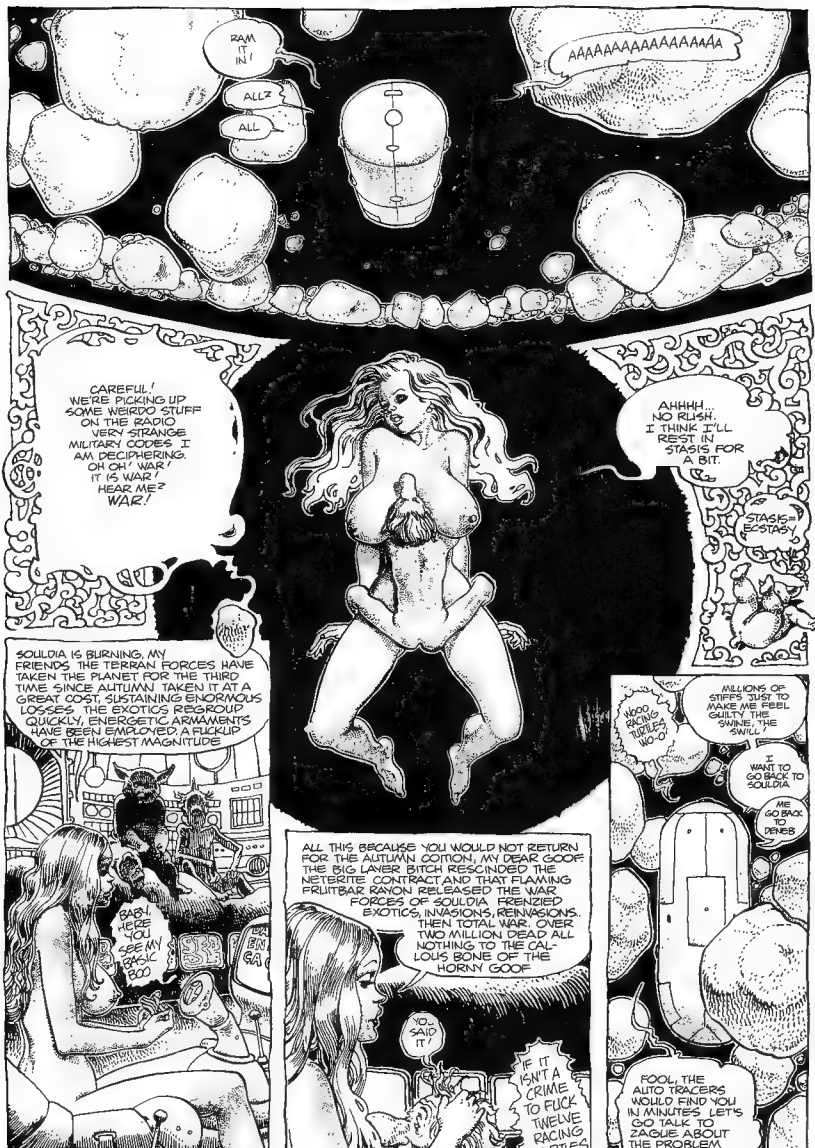
THE HORNY GOOF Part II by MOEBIUS
BE COOL NOW, OKAY? AT THE MOMENT SHE IS ONLY LAYING ASSES THINGS ARE NOT GOING SMOOTHLY THEY'VE EATEN ALL THE PROTIDES, WHICH HAS HAD THE PREDICTABLE EFFECT ON THE NUTRITIVE BROTH. SO YOU CAN UNDERSTAND
OH, NATURALLY
COME CLOSER, NATE. TRY NOT TO FALL INTO MY TANK.
YOUR PINK SKIN DISGUSTS ME FOR TWO CURRENCY UNITS I WOULD BLOW MY SMOTHERING LUNCH ALL OVER YOU BUT FOR THE MOMENT YOU ARE NEEDED
SO! A HORNY GOOF HAS ESCAPED SOULDIA! A GRAVE SACRILEGE! IF HE HAS NOT RETURNED FOR THE AUTUMN COTTON, I SHALL PASS CONTROL OF THE NETERITE TO THE EXOTICS. MY DECISION IS FINAL NOW LEAVE, I HAVE BIRTH PAINS
BUT
LET'S SPLIT. SHE'S GOING TO LAY... WHICH YOU WOULD NOT WANT TO SEE AT ALL, DUCKY

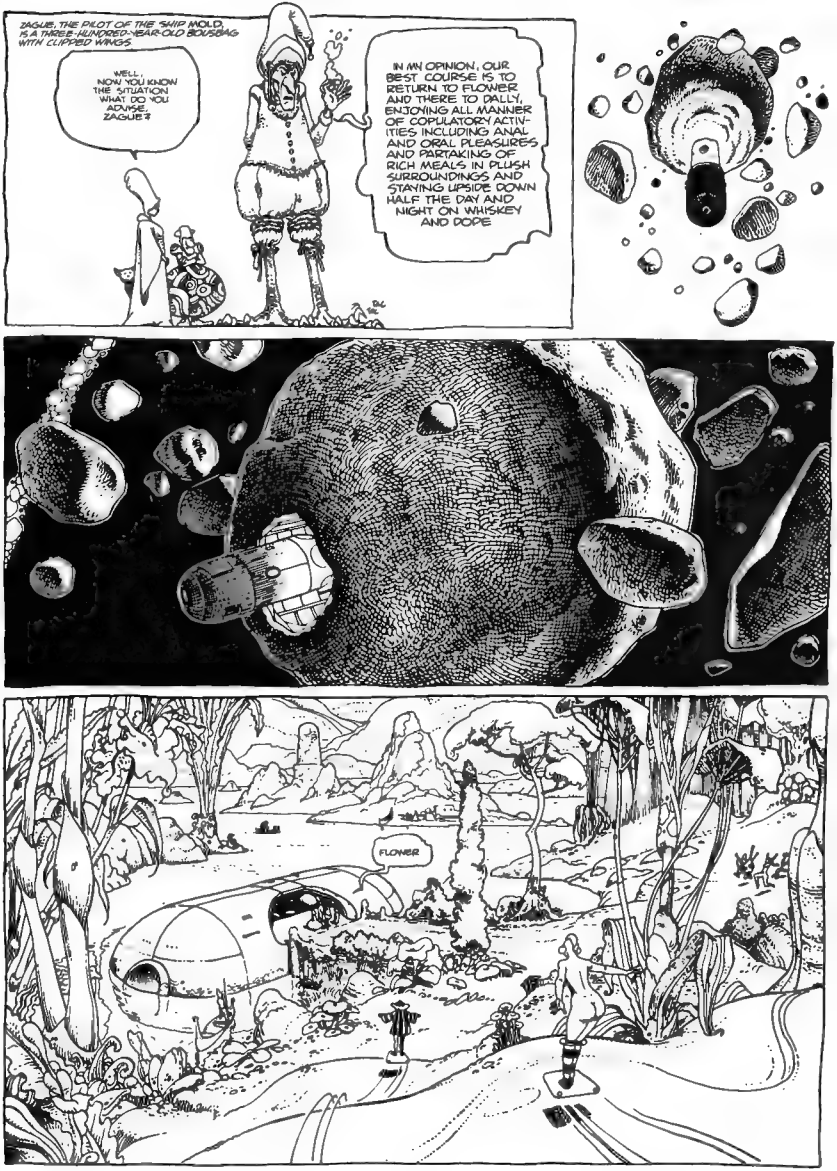

NATE
ALL RIGHT?
YEAH
BAD NEWS FOR THE FED-TERRA. BUT YOU CAN'T REASON WITH A LAVER. GOD, I HATE THOSE EXOTICS. NATE, I...
GOOD. GREAT ANYWAY, RAYON WILL HAVE TO DECIDE UP THERE ON THE BIG SHIP. ME, I'VE GOT TO FLY. LATER, DUCKY
FEDERATION TERRA
VOMIT

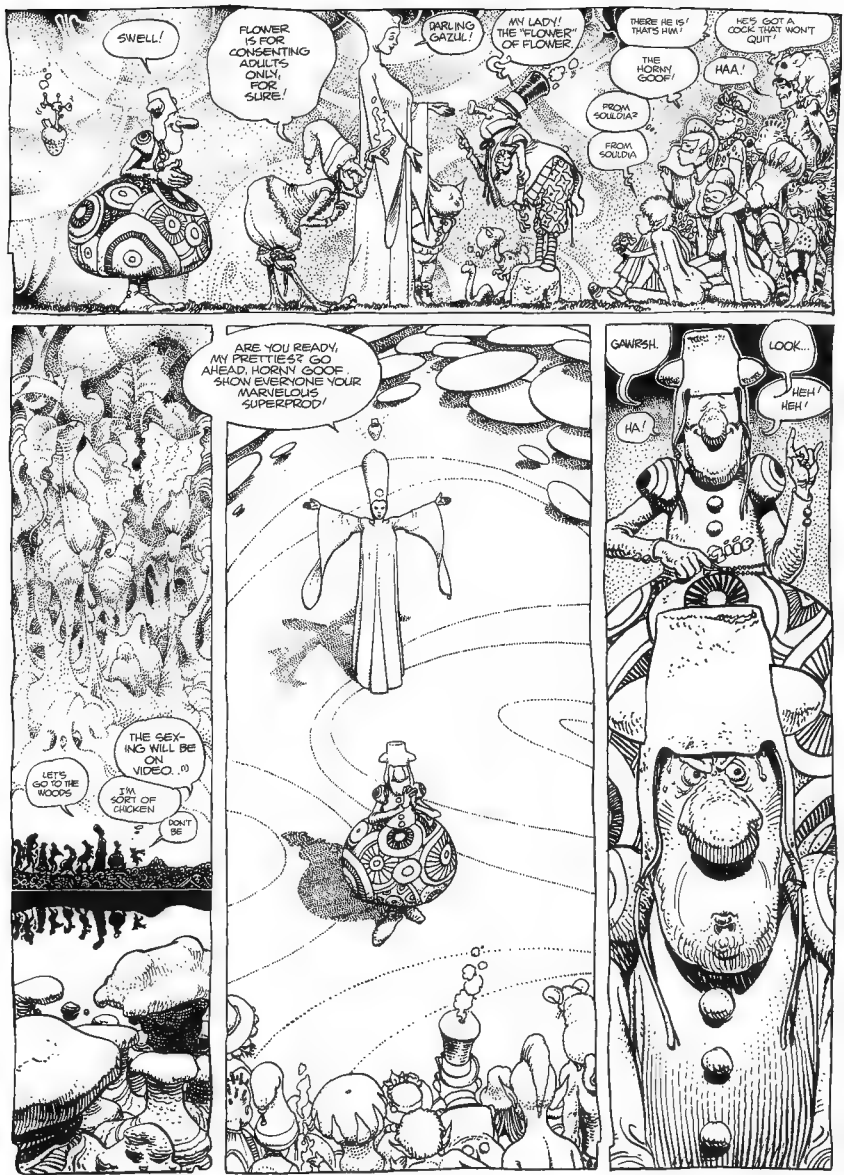

I CAN'T BELIEVE I LET MYSELF GET THIS OUT OF SHAPE...


I'M GOING TO TICKLE YOUR WICK!
HORN GOOF GOOF
HI! HI!
CHOPIN, OVER HERE!
SEVEN MONTHS LATER, IN THE ASTEROID BELT OF RIGEL THE BLUE ELF.

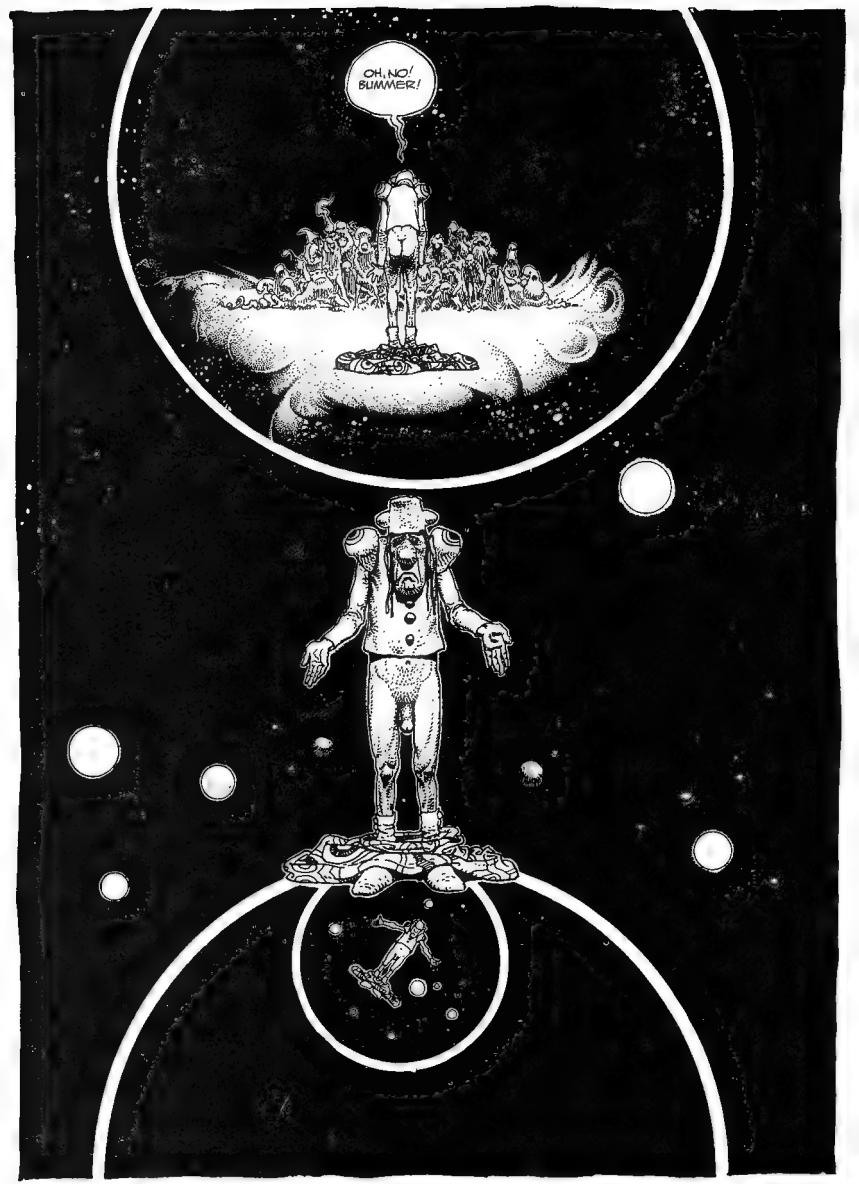
GO! GO!

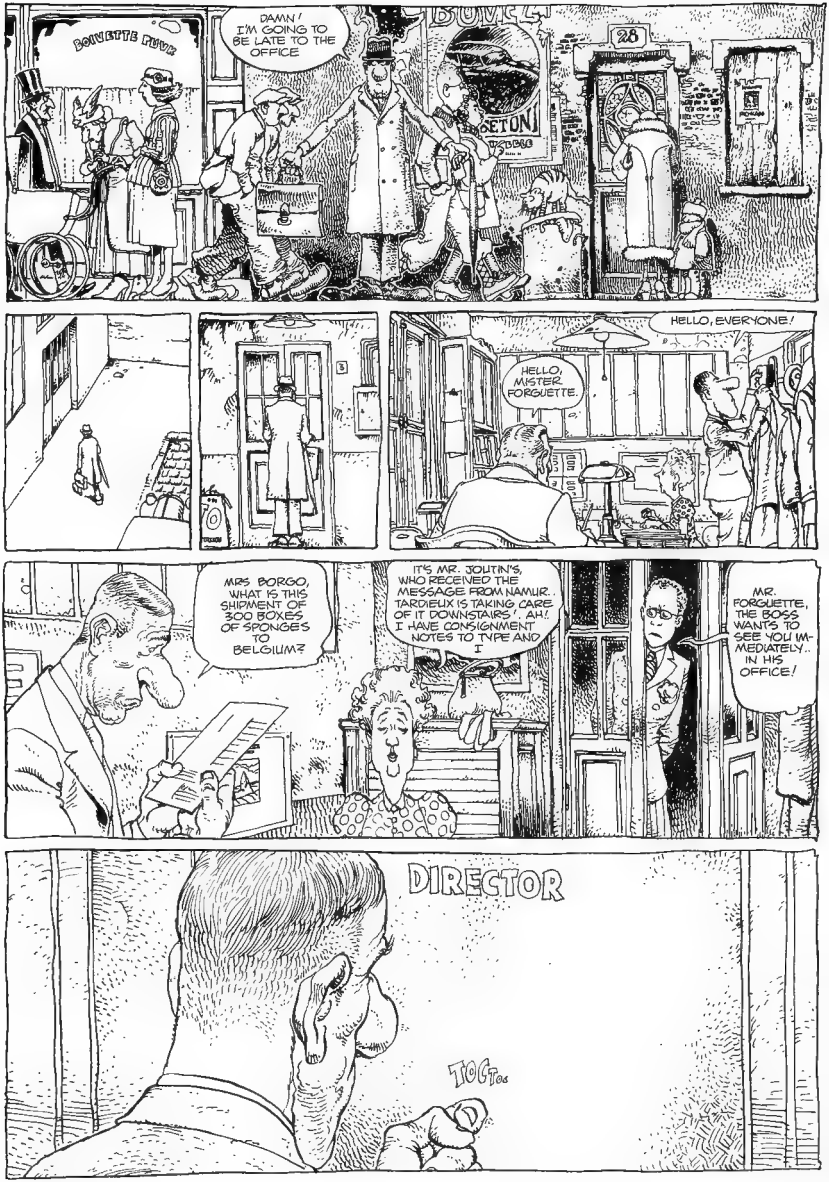

RAM IT IN!
ALLZ
ALL
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
CAREFUL! WE'RE PICKING UP SOME WEIRDO STUFF ON THE RADIO VERY STRANGE MILITARY CODES I AM DECIPHERING. OH OH! WAR! IT IS WAR! HEAR ME? WAR!
AHHHH... NO RUSH. I THINK I'LL REST IN STASIS FOR A BIT.
STASIS... ECSTASY
SOULDIA IS BURNING, MY FRIENDS. THE TERRAN FORCES HAVE TAKEN THE PLANET FOR THE THIRD TIME SINCE AUTUMN. TAKEN IT AT A GREAT COST, SUSTAINING ENORMOUS LOSSES. THE EXOTICS REGROUP QUICKLY, ENERGETIC ARMAMENTS HAVE BEEN EMPLOYED, A FUCKUP OF THE HIGHEST MAGNITUDE
BABY, HERE YOU SEE MY BASIC BOO
ALL THIS BECAUSE YOU WOULD NOT RETURN FOR THE AUTUMN COITION, MY DEAR GOOF. THE BIG LAVER BITCH RESCINDED THE NETERITE CONTRACT, AND THAT FLAMING FRUITBAR RAYON RELEASED THE WAR FORCES OF SOULDIA. FRENZIED EXOTICS, INVASIONS, REINVASIONS. THEN TOTAL WAR. OVER TWO MILLION DEAD. ALL NOTHING TO THE CALLOUS BONE OF THE HORNY GOOF.
YO, SAID IT!
IF IT ISN'T A CRIME TO FUCK TWELVE RACING TURTLES
WOO RACING TURTLES! WOO!
MILLIONS OF STIFFS JUST TO MAKE ME FEEL GUILTY. THE SWINE! THE SWILL!
I WANT TO GO BACK TO SOULDIA
ME GO BACK TO PENEB
FOOL, THE AUTO TRACERS WOULD FIND YOU IN MINUTES. LET'S GO TALK TO ZAGUE ABOUT THE PROBLEM.


ZAGUE, THE PILOT OF THE SHIP MOLD, IS A THREE-HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD BOOSBAG WITH CLIPPED WINGS.
WELL, NOW YOU KNOW THE SITUATION WHAT DO YOU ADVISE ZAGUE?
IN MY OPINION, OUR BEST COURSE IS TO RETURN TO FLOWER AND THERE TO DALLY, ENJOYING ALL MANNER OF COPULATORY ACTIVITIES INCLUDING ANAL AND ORAL PLEASURES AND PARTAKING OF RICH MEALS IN PLUSH SURROUNDINGS AND STAYING UPSIDE DOWN HALF THE DAY AND NIGHT ON WHISKEY AND DOPE
FLOWER



(1) 3D VIDEO, OF COURSE!


OH, NO! BUMMER!

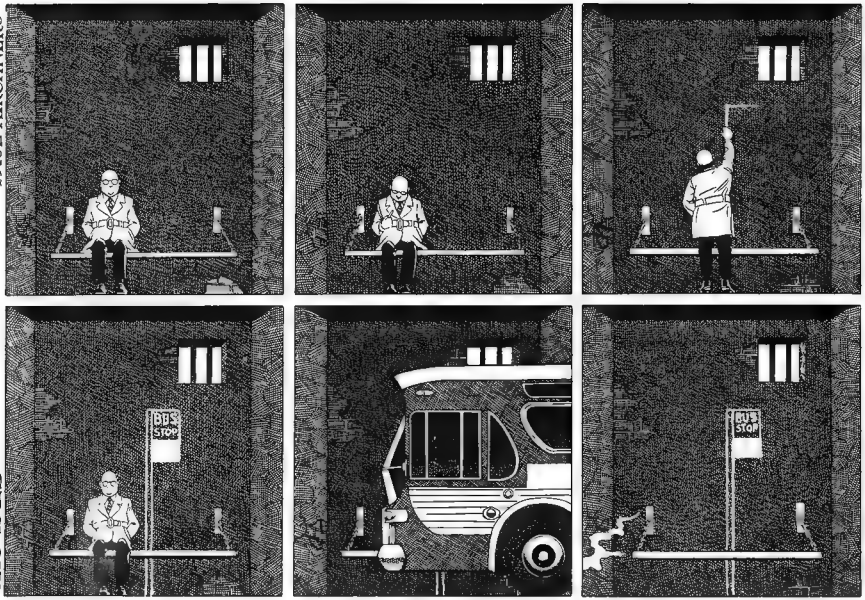

BOUVETTE FILMS
DAMN! I'M GOING TO BE LATE TO THE OFFICE
28
HELLO, EVERYONE!
HELLO, MISTER FORGUETTE.
MRS. BORGO, WHAT IS THIS SHIPMENT OF 300 BOXES OF SPONGES TO BELGIUM?
IT'S MR. JOLTIN'S, WHO RECEIVED THE MESSAGE FROM NAMUR.. TARDIEUX IS TAKING CARE OF IT DOWNSTAIRS'. AH! I HAVE CONSIGNMENT NOTES TO TYPE AND I
MR. FORGUETTE, THE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU IMMEDIATELY.. IN HIS OFFICE!
DIRECTOR
TOCTOC

COME IN, FORGUETTE!
GERMAINE! YOU HERE!?
BASTARD!
CLOSER! THE BOSS WANTS YOU UP CLOSE!
BUT
RENÉ! THE WEDDING NIGHT REMEMBER! YOU RAN AWAY!
YOUR UNHAPPY WIFE TOLD ME EVERYTHING, FORGUETTE! IN OUR BUSINESS WE DON'T LIKE LIMP-DICK COWARDS.
DUCKY, YOU'LL HAVE TO FILL YOUR CONJUGAL DUTIES HERE... IT'S OUR LAST CHANCE TO MAKE THE LAYER HAPPY.. TO KEEP THE NETERITE CONTRACTS, AND TO AVOID WAR WITH THE EXOTICS
NO!
QUICK! SOMEONE OR SOMETHING IS TRYING TO BUGGER THE FORCE FIELD'S VORTEX!

NO!
THAT'S IT, I'VE DONE IT.
BRAVO! NOW I'LL POLISH THE RETRO EFFECT ON F14.0. SOFTLY!.
THERE IT IS!
PERFECT!
BRAVO!
HOW ENCHANTING!
WOW!
TO THE TOP!
MMMMBGL!
HERE IT IS!
A FEW YEARS LATER, DURING A WALK ON PERDIDO, IN THE COMPANY OF FIVE TRANTORIANS, 8TH CLASS, THE HORNY GOOF SAYS
HERE'S THE SCOOP THE LAYER THOUGHT SHE'D BE ABLE TO GET ME BY USING THAT DAMNED SPATIO-TEMPORAL FAULT, BUT DIDN'T COUNT ON GOOD OLD ZAGUE, A SPECIALIST IN BUGGERING UP THE SPATIO-TEMPORAL FAULT. HE GOT ME OUT OF THAT SHIT AND QUICKLY! HEAR, HEAR!
CURIOUS STORY!
AND I LIKE THEM VERY LONG, LONG AND SMELLY.
ME, WHEN THEY'RE FULL OF NEAT OLD QUEERS.
ME, I LIKE STORIES WHEN THEY ARE EXCITING AND RUDE.
THE END.

PAUL KIRCHNER©

the bus



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THE TIP OF THE ICEBERG AT LUCCA 14

by Rick Veitch

A STREET LIGHT IN LUCCA

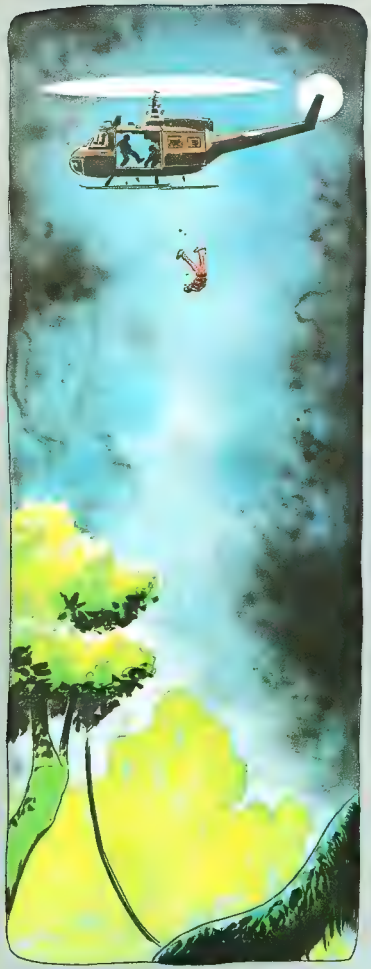
It may not be apparent to American comic-art enthusiasts, but elsewhere in the world the graphic narrative has come of age. European publishers have long been aware of a vital fact that their American counterparts are only beginning to recognize: that as their audience grows older and matures, so must their product. This knowledge has helped the Europeans foster an active readership that knows no age limits and that in turn has generated an inspiring expansion in their artistic communities.

In the fall of 1980 the leading international comics congress was held again at Lucca, Italy, in cooperation with the United Nations and various European governments. Hundreds of comic artists and writers from around the globe attended, while a host of publishers displayed an exciting variety, quality, and quantity of comic-art books.

One European master who has made a splash in the United States is, of course, Moebius, who was at Lucca and was awarded his second Yellow Kid* for his "disquieting universe and his graphic influence on a whole generation." Moebius fans will be interested to know that together with Alexander Jodorowsky he is completing a graphic novel.

Hector Oesterheld, a South American comic writer, was also given a Yellow Kid,

* An award given annually at the Lucca fest, noting outstanding achievements in the comics field.



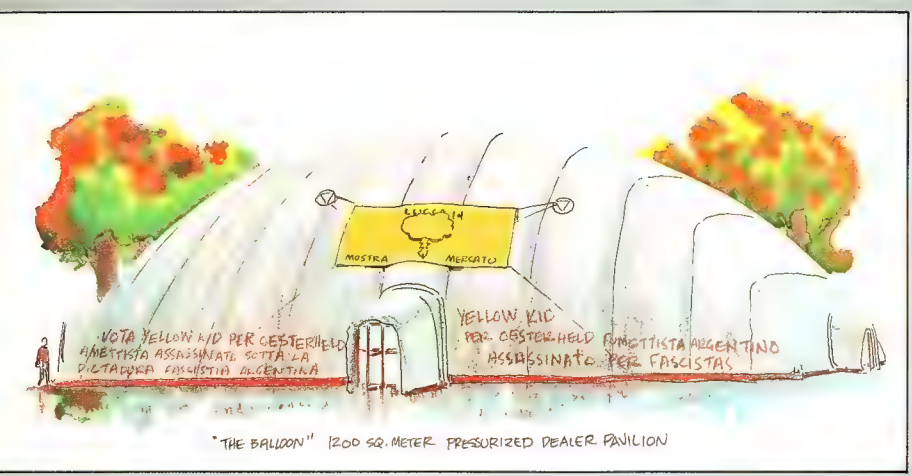
OESTERHELD

HUGO PRATT

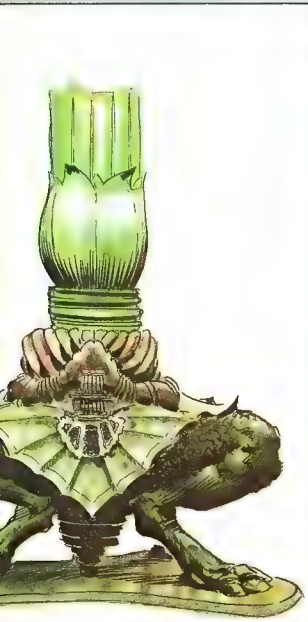
VICTOR DE LA FUENTE

albeit posthumously. He is believed to have been murdered by the Argentine government for his antifascist strips. His award, accepted for him by Amnesty International, generated a highly emotional response from all those in attendance.

The awards, while important, are only a small part of the total Lucca experience. Artists show slide presentations of their work, historians lecture, and animated films



"THE BALLOON" 1200 SQ. METER PRESURIZED DEALER PAVILION



LAMP POST IN LUCCA

run continuously at the Giglio Theater. An inflatable balloon across the piazza from the Giglio houses the major European publishers, with their generous selections of the latest comic albums. Also in evidence was the burgeoning avant-garde movement, with such new-wave titles as *Frigidaire*, *Nemo in Blue*, and *Pinguino*.

The city of Lucca itself is a fifteenth-century fortified town, surrounded by battlements and moat. It is an enchanting place, where every doorknob, bannister, and lamp post has been given life by ancient artisans, whose visions can be seen reflected in the work of such modern graphic masters as Frazetta and Corben.

Yet, to the artists in attendance (at least to *this* starving one), the rest of the activities become peripheral to the food. Hospitality tickets are given to each artist, providing two spreads a day at the finest restaurants in the city. This makes it easy for everyone to congregate and get to know each other in the best way possible: over sumptuous, gourmet feasts! The table talk is interesting and intimate and can range anywhere from John Buscema's discussing the hard-line strategy of contract negotiations to Moebius's speaking of his recent spiritual transformation.

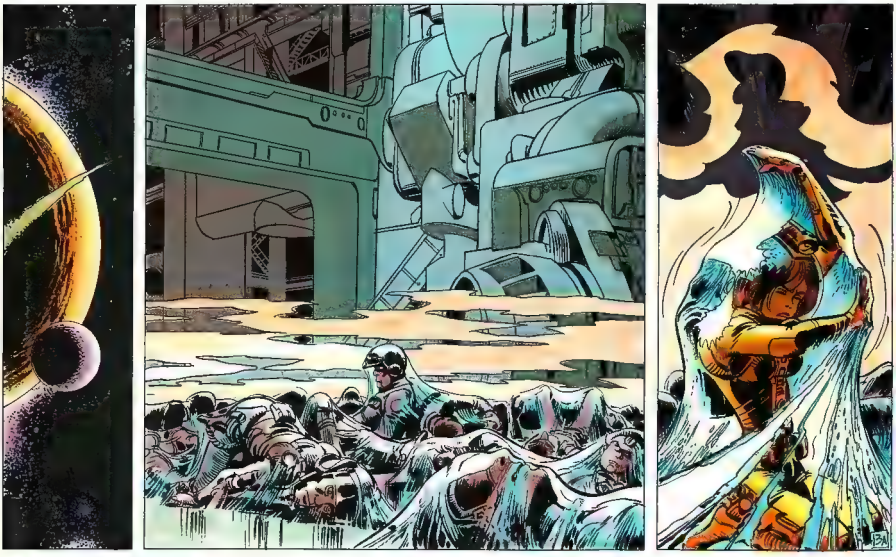
After a week of such heady experience, the lectures end, the meal tickets run out, and the balloon is deflated. One comes away wondering when the United States will recognize how far these Europeans have brought the state of the art. Answer: it's already happening, and right here in the pages of *Heavy Metal*, the groundbreaking first step in an enriching direction. But so far we've seen only the tip of an iceberg that consists of a huge body of intellectual comic art waiting patiently for American readers to come of age.

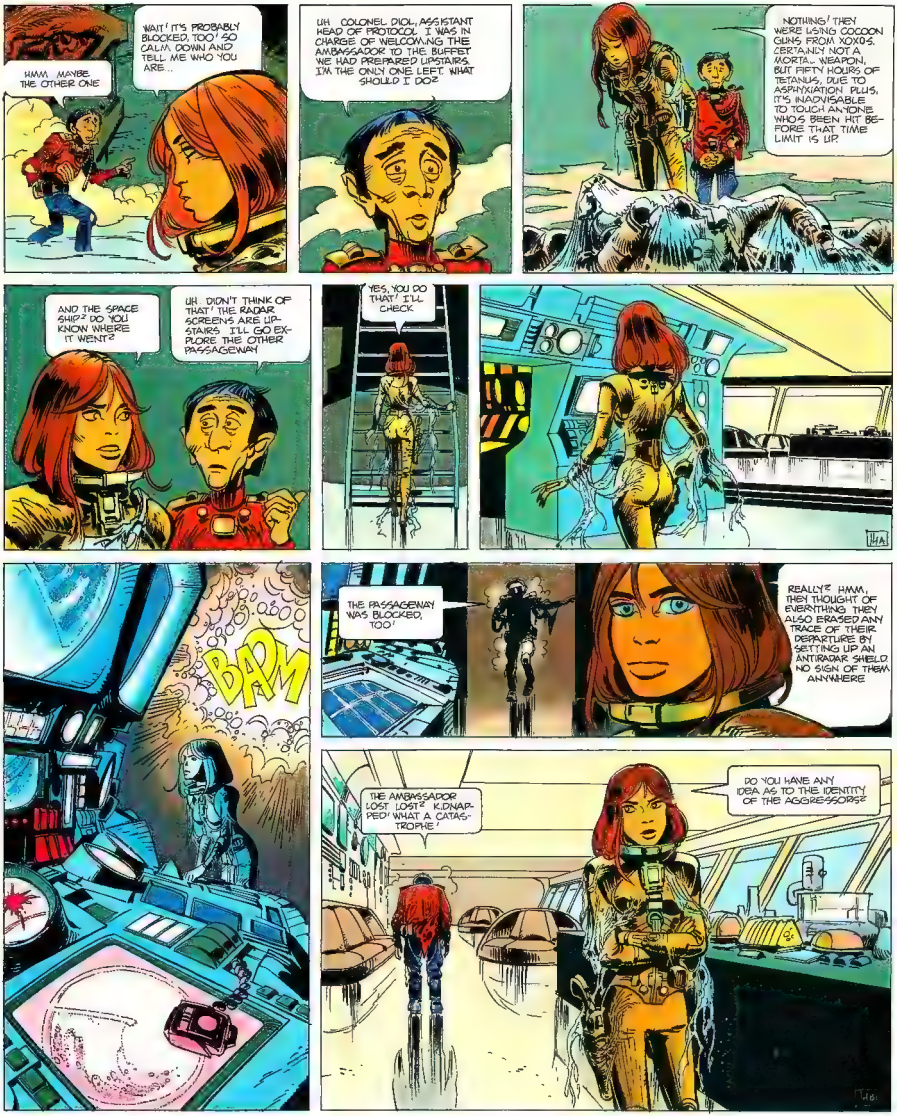
MOEBIUS

The Ambassador of the Shadows
Valerian: Time-Space Agent

by J. C. Mezières and P. Christin

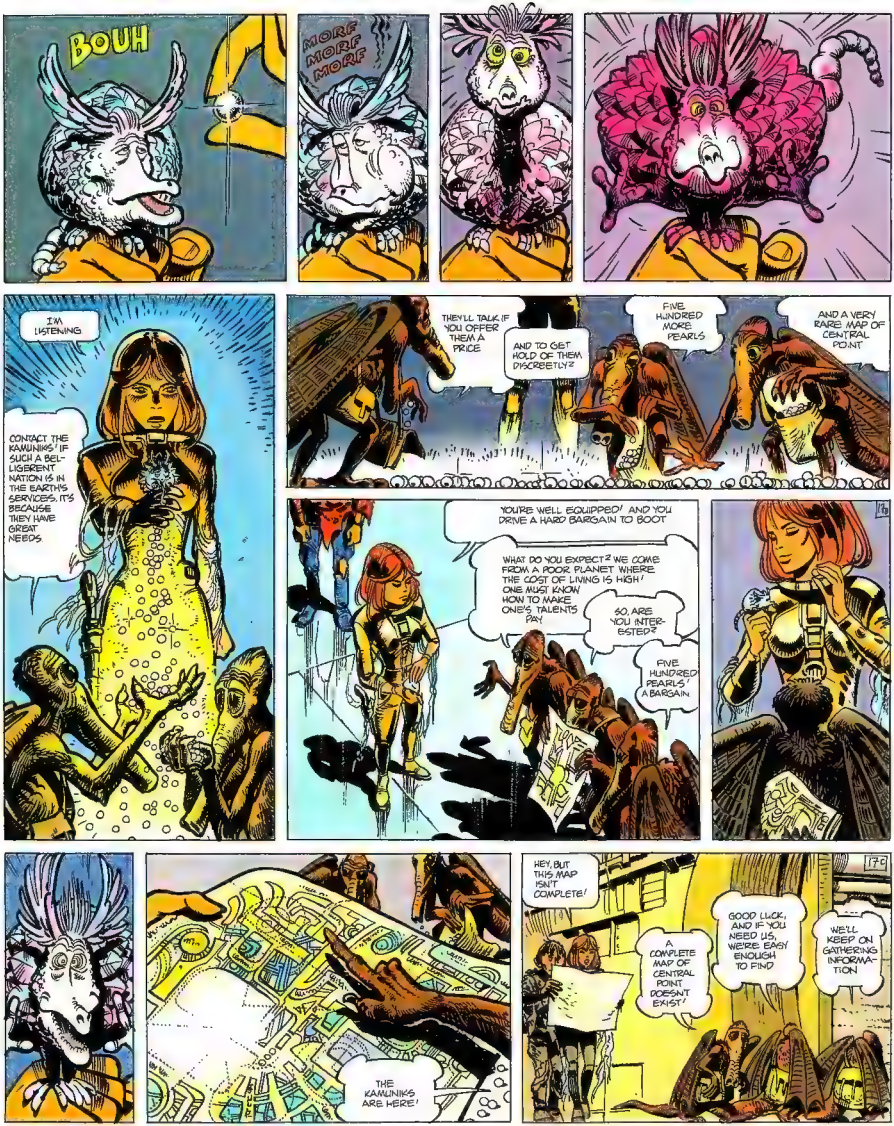
Last we saw, the ambassador was kidnapped while proposing to the people of Central Point the idea of a new federation. While Valerian went off to find his ward, Laureline was left taking care of the grumpy converter from Bluxte—their only remaining source of freedom and power.

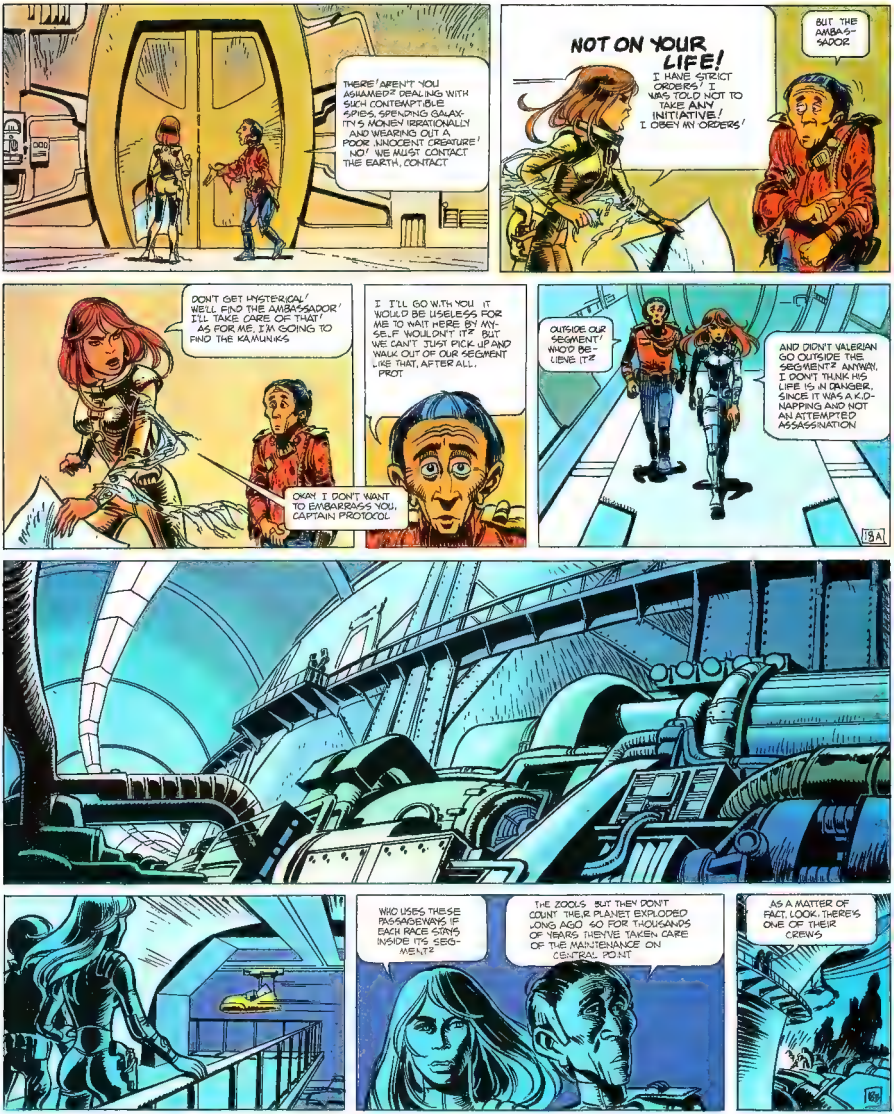

I SAW THE WHOLE THING! THEY BLEW UP THE PARTITION WALLS IN TWO PLACES!!!
OOOOH! I'M AS STIFF AS A CORPSE!
...MOST OF THEIR CREW WENT THAT WAY!
BUT WHERE IS VALERIAN?
WHO CARES? OUR AMBASSADOR'S THE ONE THEY CARRIED OFF IN THEIR PIRATE SHIP! THE AGENT FOLLOWED HIM.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "WHO CARES"?
AT LEAST WE SHOULD TRY TO FIND THE ONES WHO STAYED ON CENTRAL POINT
BUT
PRAUM
THIS PASSAGE-WAY IS BLOCKED
AT LEAST THE GRUMPY IS ALL RIGHT. HE'S AS BAD-TEMPERED AS EVER
GROO
136

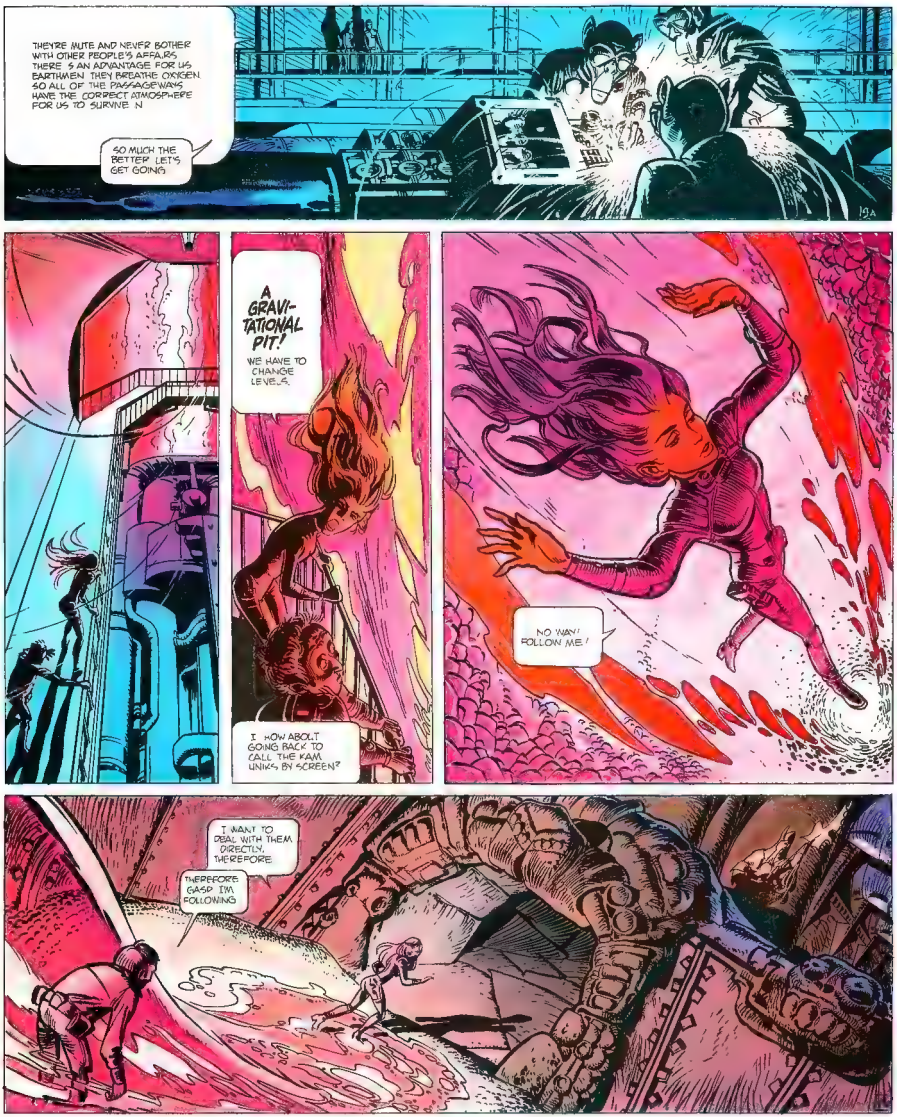

WAIT! IT'S PROBABLY BLOCKED, TOO! SO CALM DOWN AND TELL ME WHO YOU ARE...
HMM... MAYBE THE OTHER ONE
UH... COLONEL DIOL, ASSISTANT HEAD OF PROTOCOL. I WAS IN CHARGE OF WELCOMING THE AMBASSADOR TO THE BUFFET WE HAD PREPARED UPSTAIRS, I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT. WHAT SHOULD I DO?
NOTHING! THEY WERE USING COCOON GUNS FROM XOXOS, CERTAINLY NOT A MORTAL WEAPON, BUT FIFTY HOURS OF TETANUS, DUE TO ASPHYXIATION PLUS, IT'S INADVISABLE TO TOUCH ANYONE WHO'S BEEN HIT BEFORE THAT TIME LIMIT IS UP.
AND THE SPACE SHIP? DO YOU KNOW WHERE IT WENT?
UH, DIDN'T THINK OF THAT! THE RADAR SCREENS ARE UPSTAIRS. I'LL GO EXPLORE THE OTHER PASSAGEWAY
YES, YOU DO THAT! I'LL CHECK.
BAM
THE PASSAGEWAY WAS BLOCKED, TOO!
REALLY? HMM, THEN THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING. THEY ALSO ERASED ANY TRACE OF THEIR DEPARTURE BY SETTING UP AN ANTIRADAR SHIELD. NO SIGN OF THEM ANYWHERE.
THE AMBASSADOR LOST. LOST? KIDNAPPED! WHAT A CATASTROPHE!
DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA AS TO THE IDENTITY OF THE AGGRESSORS?

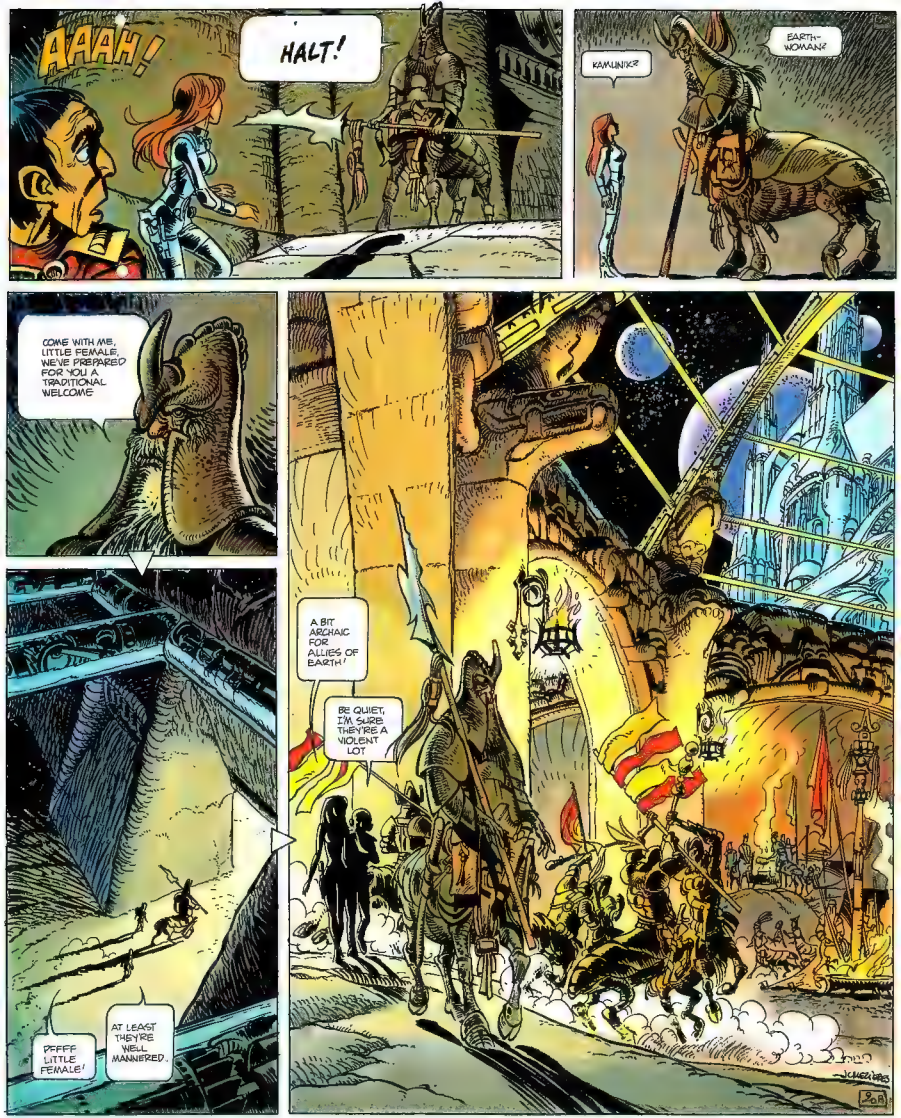
NONE! THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF RACES ON CENTRAL POINT, AND MY JOB IS TO SEE TO THE RECEPTIONS! MY LOVELY RECEPTION! EVERYTHING WAS READY FOR THE AMBASSADOR!
THE CENTERPIECES THE CANAPÉS
WE MUST CONTACT THE EARTH! CALL OUT THE ARMY!!! BECAUSE CENTRAL POINT..
WHAT ARE YOU CRUNCH GETTING AT?
WELL IT'S TOTAL ANARCHY! NOBODY KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT ANYTHING! GRAFT RUNS RAMPANT HERE. ONLY THE COUNCIL HAS ANY POWER, BUT THERE WON'T BE ANY COUNCIL IF WE DON'T FIND THE AMBASSADOR
YES. I WONDER MUNCH WHAT
BUZZZ
BUZZZ
IT'S THEM! THEY'RE COMING BACK! LET'S HIDE!...
COME NOW! WHY WOULD THEY RING POLITELY AT OUR MAIN LOCK CHAMBER? BESIDES, LOOK
15A
WE'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT
THESE PEOPLE LOOK COMPLETELY DIFFERENT SO SHOW ME HOW TO MEET WITH THEM!
MEET WITH THEM? YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY UNAWARE OF HOW THINGS ARE DONE HERE! NO ONE EVER GOES FROM ONE CELL TO ANOTHER ON CENTRAL POINT! WE USE THE SCREENS TO COMMUNICATE! IT'S A TRAP! IT'S... AND BESIDES,.. I CAN'T RECEIVE THEM JUST LIKE THAT..
ENOUGH WITH YOUR PROTOCOL!
THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR PROTOCOL
17
15B

DO YOU REPRESENT THE EARTH?
ER, YES
NO, NO
S IT YES OR NO? BECAUSE THIS COULD POSE A PROBLEM. WE WERE PROMISED THAT
YOU DON'T KNOW WHO WE ARE, DO YOU? WE ARE THE S.H.N.G.O.L.Z
WE WERE TO RENDEZVOUS WITH THE AMBASSADOR TO FILL HIM IN ON A BIT OF INFORMATION ISN'T HE HERE?
WELL NOW YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE SO WELL INFORMED AFTER ALL
THAT DEPENDS, THAT DEPENDS WE'VE A CERTAIN REPUTATION ON CENTRAL POINT WE HEAR AND SEE MANY THINGS
I'M BEGINNING TO GET THE IDEA / THEN TELL ME WHO COULD HAVE PULLED THIS OFF THEY HAD TWO ARMS AND TWO LEGS, BUT WERE ABOUT THREE TIMES THE SIZE OF ME!
16A
BY THE TEN PURPLE MOONS! COCOONS FROM XOXOS! UNHEARD-OF ON CENTRAL POINT?
AND THE AGGRESSORS?
BIG, TWO ARMS, TWO LEGS, YOU DON'T SEEM TO REALIZE THAT COULD BE ANYONE WHO...
MERCENARIES, NO DOUBT. TO HAVE USED SUCH METHODS / NO GREAT RACE WOULD WANT TO BE INVOLVED IN THIS
EXCEPT FOR 1000 EBABA PEARLS LIKE THIS ONE
ONE THOUSAND EBABA PEARLS? YOU DON'T BEAT AROUND THE BUSH!
WHEN ONE IS FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO POSSESS A CONVERTER, ONE SHOULDN'T BE STINGY BESIDES
OUR INFORMATION IS WORTH AT LEAST THAT!
IT'S NOT THE INFORMATION WE CAME TO SELL. BUT IT WILL BE USEFUL TO YOU ALL THE SAME APPARENTLY YOUR AMBASSADOR DIDN'T LET YOU IN ON HIS DOINGS
THE COUP IS TOO RECENT FOR US TO KNOW WHO'S BEHIND IT BUT THES BARTH HAS SECRET ALLIES, MERCENARIES AS WELL THESE MERCENARIES KNOW ONE ANOTHER YOU KNOW HOW IT IS YOU WORK FOR ONE SIDE YOU WORK FOR THE OTHER


BOUH
MORF MORF MORF
I'M LISTENING
CONTACT THE KAMUNIKS! IF SUCH A BELLIGERENT NATION IS IN THE EARTH'S SERVICES, IT'S BECAUSE THEY HAVE GREAT NEEDS
THEY'LL TALK IF YOU OFFER THEM A PRICE
AND TO GET HOLD OF THEM DISCREETLY!
FIVE HUNDRED MORE PEARLS
AND A VERY RARE MAP OF CENTRAL POINT
YOU'RE WELL EQUIPPED! AND YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN TO BOOT
WHAT DO YOU EXPECT? WE COME FROM A POOR PLANET WHERE THE COST OF LIVING IS HIGH! ONE MUST KNOW HOW TO MAKE ONE'S TALENTS PAY
SO, ARE YOU INTERESTED?
FIVE HUNDRED PEARLS! A BARGAIN
THE KAMUNIKS ARE HERE!
HEY, BUT THIS MAP ISN'T COMPLETE!
A COMPLETE MAP OF CENTRAL POINT DOESN'T EXIST!
GOOD LUCK, AND IF YOU NEED US, WE'RE EASY ENOUGH TO FIND
WE'LL KEEP ON GATHERING INFORMATION


THERE! AREN'T YOU ASHAMED? DEALING WITH SUCH CONTEMPTIBLE SPIES, SPENDING GALAXITN'S MONEY IRRATIONALLY AND WEARING OUT A POOR INNOCENT CREATURE! NO! WE MUST CONTACT THE EARTH, CONTACT
NOT ON YOUR LIFE!
I HAVE STRICT ORDERS! I WAS TOLD NOT TO TAKE ANY INITIATIVE! I OBEY MY ORDERS!
BUT THE AMBASSADOR
DON'T GET HYSTERICAL! WE'LL FIND THE AMBASSADOR! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT! AS FOR ME, I'M GOING TO FIND THE KAMUNIKS
OKAY. I DON'T WANT TO EMBARRASS YOU, CAPTAIN PROTOCOL
I I'LL GO WITH YOU. IT WOULD BE USELESS FOR ME TO WAIT HERE BY MYSELF. WOULDN'T IT? BUT WE CAN'T JUST PICK UP AND WALK OUT OF OUR SEGMENT LIKE THAT, AFTER ALL. PROT
OUTSIDE OUR SEGMENT! WHO'D BELIEVE IT?
AND DIDN'T VALERIAN GO OUTSIDE THE SEGMENT? ANYWAY, I DON'T THINK HIS LIFE IS IN DANGER. SINCE IT WAS A K.D-NAPPING AND NOT AN ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION
5A
WHO USES THESE PASSAGEWAYS IF EACH RACE STAYS INSIDE ITS SEGMENT?
THE ZOOLS. BUT THEY DON'T COUNT. THEIR PLANET EXPLODED LONG AGO. SO FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS, THEY'VE TAKEN CARE OF THE MAINTENANCE ON CENTRAL POINT
AS A MATTER OF FACT, LOOK. THERE'S ONE OF THEIR CREWS
6A


THEYRE MUTE AND NEVER BOTHER WITH OTHER PEOPLE'S AFFAIRS. THERE'S AN ADVANTAGE FOR US EARTHMEN. THEY BREATHE OXIGEN. SO ALL OF THE PASSAGEWAYS HAVE THE CORRECT ATMOSPHERE FOR US TO SURVIVE. N
SO MUCH THE BETTER. LET'S GET GOING.
A GRAVI-TATIONAL PIT!
WE HAVE TO CHANGE LEVELS.
I. HOW ABOUT GOING BACK TO CALL THE KAM UNITS BY SCREEN?
NO WAY! FOLLOW ME!
I WANT TO DEAL WITH THEM. DIRECTLY. THEREFORE.
THEREFORE GASP I'M FOLLOWING


AAAH!
HALT!
KAMUNIKZ
EARTH-WOMAN?
COME WITH ME, LITTLE FEMALE. WE'VE PREPARED FOR YOU A TRADITIONAL WELCOME
A BIT ARCHAIC FOR ALLIES OF EARTH!
BE QUIET, I'M SURE THEY'RE A VIOLENT LOT
PFFFF LITTLE FEMALE!
AT LEAST THEY'RE WELL MANNERED.
JCMEZIERES

MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE HERE!
WHAT A PRODUCTION! THE SHINGOUZ MUSTVE GOTTEN A NICE LITTLE BONUS FOR announcing MY ARRIVAL OKAY, I MIGHT AS WELL DO THINGS THEIR WAY
IN ANY CASE IT'S A WONDERFUL SPECTACLE!
HE!
HIIII
AHHH

HERE'S OUR GUEST!
CONGRATULATIONS! STILL TOP MAN, BALDOUR!
WELL WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?
I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER
THE SHNGOUZ THEY TOLD ME YOU COULD MAKE ME SOME SORT OF A PROPOSITION
MAYBE, MAYBE MY PEOPLE ARE GREAT FRIENDS OF THE EARTH WE SHARE YOUR APPRECIATION FOR THE ARTS OF WAR SO LET'S FORGET MOMENTARILY YOUR COMMITMENTS TO US OUT OF LOYALTY, AND FOR ONE HUNDRED BLOOD-AND-GUTS TABS FROM KHOUL, I'LL SET YOU STRAIGHT ON THE TRACK TOWARD THOSE YOU SEEK..
HMM! IT'S A DEAL COME HERE, GRUMPY, YOU'RE NEEDED
HEY?!
OUCH!
GRRR
LISTEN, YOU! THIS IS NO TIME TO GET ON MY NERVES! GOT THAT?
SWALLOW THIS AND GET TO WORK!
BAH!
I'M LISTENING
ONE OF MY WARRIORS WHO JUST RETURNED FROM THE SUFFUSS TOLD ME THAT THE BAGOULINS ARE GATHERING THERE. THE BAGOULINS AREN'T TRUE WARRIORS, JUST A BACKWARD, GREGARIOUS LOT, FIT ONLY TO CARRY OUT THE DIRTY WORK. THE SORT WHO'D RESORT TO XOXOS COCOON GUNS, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN

ARGN
YOUR MONEY, EARTHWOMAN GOOD LUCK
FAREWELL!
HEY YOU! JUST BECAUSE YOU'VE TASTED THAT STUFF IS NO REASON TO THINK YOU'RE A TERROR!
PAF
WELL! THERE YOU ARE! EVER HEAR OF THE SUFFUSS?
THE SUFFUSS ?
MEZ WELL, YES, BUT IT'S SUCH A VULGAR PLACE I'VE NEVER BEEN THERE THE SUFFUSS ARE A DISGRACE TO CENTRAL POINT
AND BESIDES, IT'S QUITE FAR AWAY
SO YOU KNOW WHERE THEY ARE! NO NEED FOR A MAP! LEAD THE WAY. LET'S GET GOING!
YOU'RE CRAZY!
LET'S BORROW THIS VEHICLE. SINCE IT'S SO FAR AND IF YOU DON'T WANT TO TELL ME WHO THE SUFFUSS ARE, AT LEAST TAKE ME TO THEM
I THOUGHT THE PASSAGEWAYS OF CENTRAL POINT WERE DESERTED!
IT'S DIFFERENT HERE, ISN'T IT?
THIS IS A PLACE OF UH ILL REPUTE
WE'LL SOON SEE ARE YOU COMING OR STAYING?
I' I'M STAYING

TO BE CONTINUED

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL 1977: *The* Collector's Edition, with the debut of Moebius's "Arzach," Corben's "Den," Bode's "Sunpot," and more ($5.00)

#2/MAY 1977: Russian astronauts, "Roger" the paranoid puppet, "Conquering Armies," the ultimate rock festival, and more ($4.00)

#3/JUNE 1977: Macedo's "Rockblitz," the highly praised "Shells," the beginning of Davis's "World Apart," Moebius, Corben, Bode, more ($3.00)

#4/JULY 1977: Lots of Moebius: "Arzach," plus part one of "The Long Tomorrow"; also the final installment of "Sunpot" ($3.00)

#5/AUGUST 1977: The saga of "Polonius" begins, "The Long Tomorrow" concludes, and "World Apart" and "Den" continue ($3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER 1977: Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius, a space opera; plus more "World Apart," "Den," and "Polonius" ($3.00)

#7/OCTOBER 1977: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon, Moebius's "Airtight Garage," "Den" and "Polonius" back again, yet more ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER 1977: New Harlan Ellison fiction, nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud, conclusions for "Polonius" and "World Apart" ($3.00)

#9/DECEMBER 1977: Extra pages for the complete "Vuzz" by Druillet, "Fortune's Fool" by Chaykin and Wein, plus full-color contributions from Corben, Macedo, Claveloux, and Moebius ($3.00)

#10/JANUARY 1978: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Lob and Pichard update *Ulysses*, "Conquering Armies" concludes, "Den" continues ($3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY 1978: New adventures of "Barbarella," wraparound cover and center spread by Nino, plus Moebius, Corben, et al ($3.00)

#12/MARCH 1978: Swashbuckling "Orion" makes a debut courtesy of Gray Morrow; and there's more "Barbarella," more "Urm," and yet more "Den." ($3.00)

#13/APRIL 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from "Paradise 9," and "Barbarella" gives birth, while "Den" wraps it up ($3.00)

#14/MAY 1978: "Urm the Mad" waves bye-bye, but "Orion" and "Barbarella" continue, and Alex Nino tips his hat ($3.00)

#15/JUNE 1978: Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic "More Than Human"; is illustrated, more "Barbarella," and the origins of "Heilman." ($3.00)

#16/JULY 1978: A happy ending for "Barbarella," a sad ending for "1996," the resumption of Druillet's "Gail," and yet more "Heilman," "Orion," "More Than Human," and Corben's "Arabian Nights." ($3.00)

#17/AUGUST 1978: Sorry — SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER 1978: Corben's "Sindbad," Moebius's Major, "Heilman," "Orion," "Lone Sloane on Gail," and Harlan Ellison too ($3.00)

#19/OCTOBER 1978: Exterminator 17," Ellison's illustrated "Glass Goblin," the debut of McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus the usual ($3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin "Empire," more "Sindbad," "Exterminator," Major Grubert, "Heilman"'s final rebirth, more. ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER 1978: The stocking's full with "Orion," Kirchner's "Tarot," and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius. ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY 1979: Trina makes her debut here, and Druillet concludes "Gail," plus McKie and Corben How much can you take? ($3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY 1979: "Galactic Geographic," "Starcrown," Corben's "Sindbad," McKie's "So Beautiful and So Dangerous," plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo ($3.00)

#24/MARCH 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's "The Stars My Destination," "Starcrown" II, and Ellison's late show ($3.00)

#25/APRIL 1979: Our second birthday bash, with Chaykin and Wein's "Gideon Faust," the "Alien" portfolio, and Val Mayerik's "Time Out" And much more ($3.00)

#26/MAY 1979: It's all-American (except for Druillet's "Dancin'," and a Proust joke) fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated "Alien" ($3.00)

#27/JUNE 1979: Fifty-four pages of "Captain Future," plus more illustrated "Alien," and the final episode of "So Beautiful and So Dangerous." ($3.00)

#28/JULY 1979: Bodé's "Zooks" premieres, Corben's "Sindbad" concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST 1979: Caza steals the show with "New Ark City," plus Mayerik, Suydam, "Galactic Geographic," Bodé more. ($3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER 1979: "Elric," "Buck Rogers," a lizard named "Elvis," and "Little Red V-3," alongside Montellier and Moebius ($3.00)

#31/OCTOBER 1979: Halloween strikes with a tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, with Moebius, Breccia, Druillet, Suydam, others ($3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's "Rowlf," Bodé's "Zooks," Brunner's "Elric," Chaykin's "The Stars My Destination," Moebius, and more ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kotoed, Suydam, Stiles, Trina, Moebius, and Ellison, plus "Gnomes" and "Giants." ($3.00)

#34/JANUARY 1980: A new year — *a new decade* — begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf," and much more! ($3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY 1980: An eerie Couratin cover adorns this winter issue Corben's "The Beast of Wolfton" begins, McKie experiments with the Air Pump, and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip. ($3.00)

#36/MARCH 1980: Why did "The Crevasse" take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schuiten Bros. strip! Plus: Corben, Matena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's "Good Vibrations" ($3.00)

#37/APRIL 1980: Our third anniversary issue — 32 pages of "Champakou" in living color, the final installment of Moebius's "Airtight Garage," plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bodé — and more! ($3.00)

#38/MAY 1980: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will "Champakou" reach the Doll of Jade? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn, too? Take a look We'll never tell ($3.00)

#39/JUNE 1980: "Champakou" meets his fate, while "Captain Sternn" saves the day And in their revenge, the Flying Wallendas vs the Earth! ($3.00)

#40/JULY 1980: "The Alchemist Supreme" continues with Axle learning the truth about his sidekick Musky. Bilal's "Progress!" begins, and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave" ($3.00)

#41/AUGUST 1980: Druillet returns with the first installment of "Salammbo" while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed) Bilal continues "Progress!" ($3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER 1980: "The Alchemist Supreme" concludes while Bilal's "Progress!" picks up steam, Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts, while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet. ($3.00)

#43/OCTOBER 1980: Our Special Rock Issue, packed with goodies by McKie, Moebius, Voss, Spain, Druillet, Yeates, Hé, Howarth, Kierkegaard, Jr., Colon, and Matena, and not to be missed! ($3.00)

#44/NOVEMBER 1980: With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze, this issue's cover, by Hajime Sorayama, is definitely in its element Inside we give some lovely Clavelioux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springett, and Bilal ($3.00)

#45/DECEMBER 1980: Premiering Corben's illustrated "Bloodstar," Crepax's "Valentina," and Godard and Ribera's "What Is Reality, Papa?" Plus "The Cutter of the Fog," "Rock Opera," and Moebius! ($3.00)

#46/JANUARY 1981: Jeronaton returns with "Woman" Don Wood makes his *HM* debut with "Bang, Hah." Plus more Corben, Godard and Ribera, Mezières, and Rock Opera." Moebius tells us "There Is a Prince Charming on Phenixon!" Don't miss it! ($3.00)

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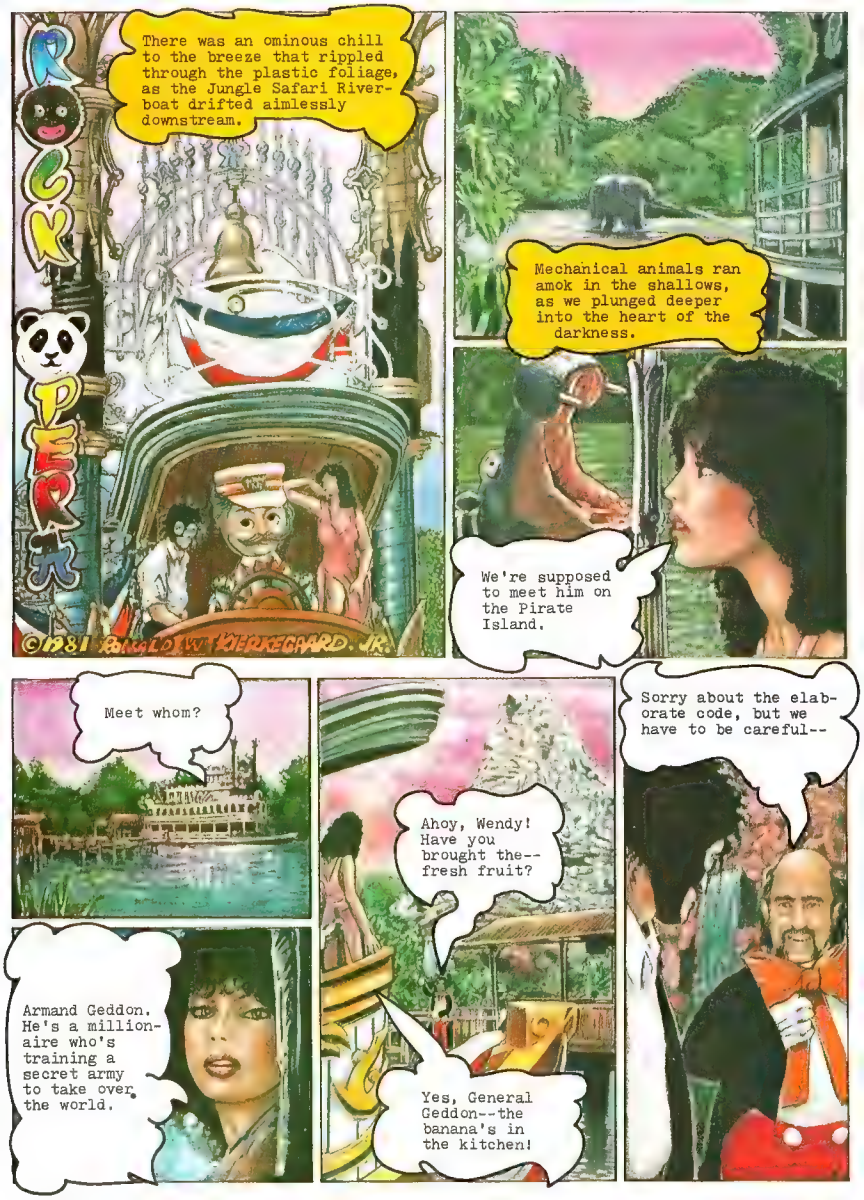

ROCKPERK
There was an ominous chill to the breeze that rippled through the plastic foliage, as the Jungle Safari River-boat drifted aimlessly downstream.
©1981 BOB LOWTHER-BERKEGHARD, JR.
Mechanical animals ran amok in the shallows, as we plunged deeper into the heart of the darkness.
We're supposed to meet him on the Pirate Island.
Meet whom?
Armand Geddon. He's a million-aire who's training a secret army to take over the world.
Ahoy, Wendy! Have you brought the-- fresh fruit?
Yes, General Geddon--the banana's in the kitchen!
Sorry about the elab-orate code, but we have to be careful--

I'm surrounded by enemies on every side.

Welcome to the League for World Domination, my friend--these are a few of our soldiers, the "Dominoes."

The ladies, of course, are called the "Dominettes." Here's a copy of our newsletter--

FASCISM WITH A HUMAN FACE

NEW FOR FALL

A sneak preview of two Domino fascisms absolutely guaranteed to make you an object of fascination. Jimmy and Lino model the formal and casual official Domino Dress. Jimmy, a former religious singer, is living proof that inferior races can become white through hard work and self-improvement.

NUKE RED DWARVES ---NOW---

In his most forceful speech to date, Armand Geddon, founder of the League for World Domination, advocated the immediate nuclear destruction of the known universe, a view which may be seen as provocative and extreme by the faint of heart and limp of wrist. Geddon, however, presents cogent arguments to support his aims, based on real scientific fact. Pointing to the alarming fact that all galaxies are receding from each other at nearly the speed of light, he speculates that only the dread forces of the tiny atom can arrest the "red shift." Once again, the mighty atom works on the side of man and nature.

CHRIST WAS NO CREAM PUFF
By the Rev. Ernest Angry

JESUS was a real he-man. Yes, I know that this simple statement of faith will shock a great many timid, hot-house types, who have been coddled from birth by exposure to a sexless, weak-kneed version of our Saviour, Jesus Christ. If that description hits uncomfortably close to home, be warned! If you read on you may be put off your pablum for keeps. Recent transcription of an obscure gospel discovered in Rhodopia give a picture of our Lord much more relevant to today's needs than the CastroSt. cutie touted by the doctrinaire Liberal Catholic Church. The GOSPEL OF KHENGBOS-KHAN shows Jesus to be a man who isn't afraid to tread on a few Jewish toes--Christ is revealed as an Old Testament type of warlord, ready to hurl his troops into battle to convert the vile heathen--or else! Probably, Jesus was bronzed, muscular, and had long, flowing blond hair--a far cry from the kinky-haired, shrinking violet foisted upon us by the minions of the Vatican!

Jesus didn't like women.

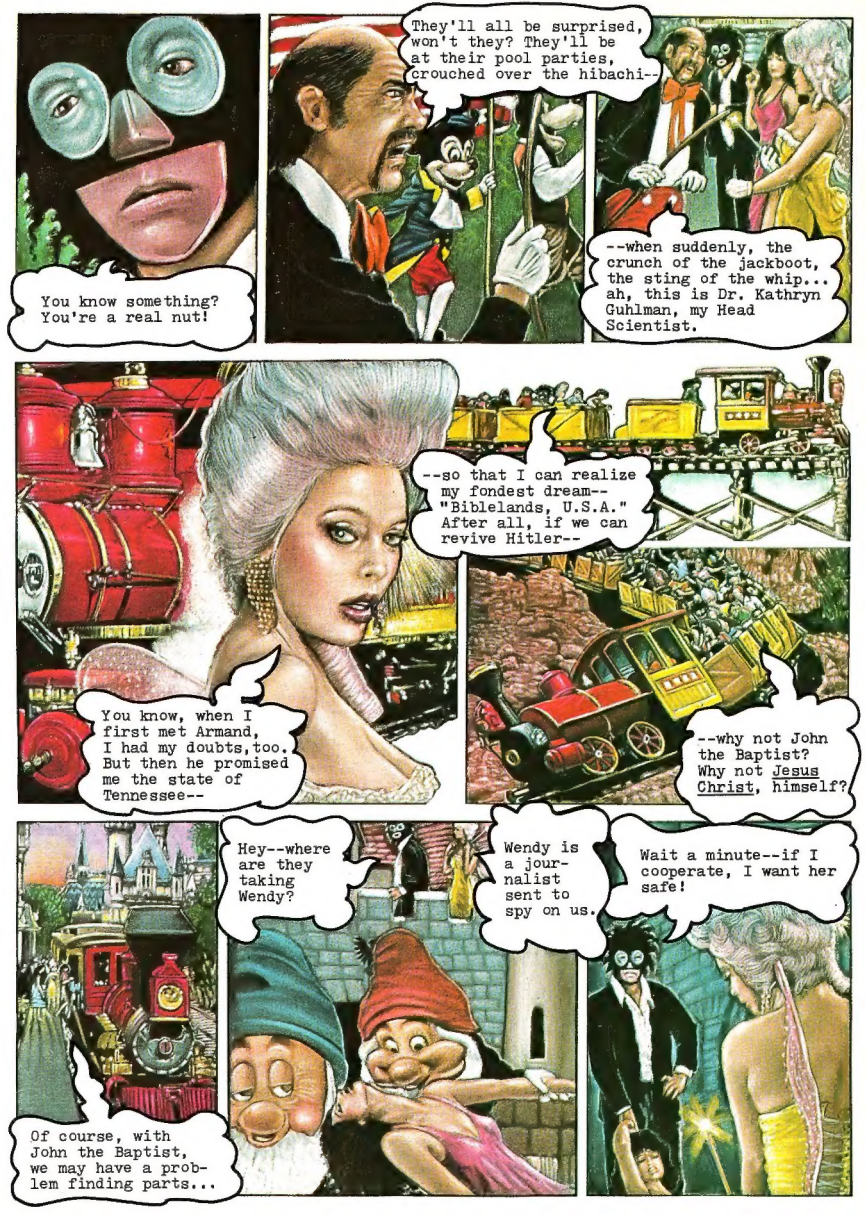
So, let me explain how you fit in--do you know what this is?

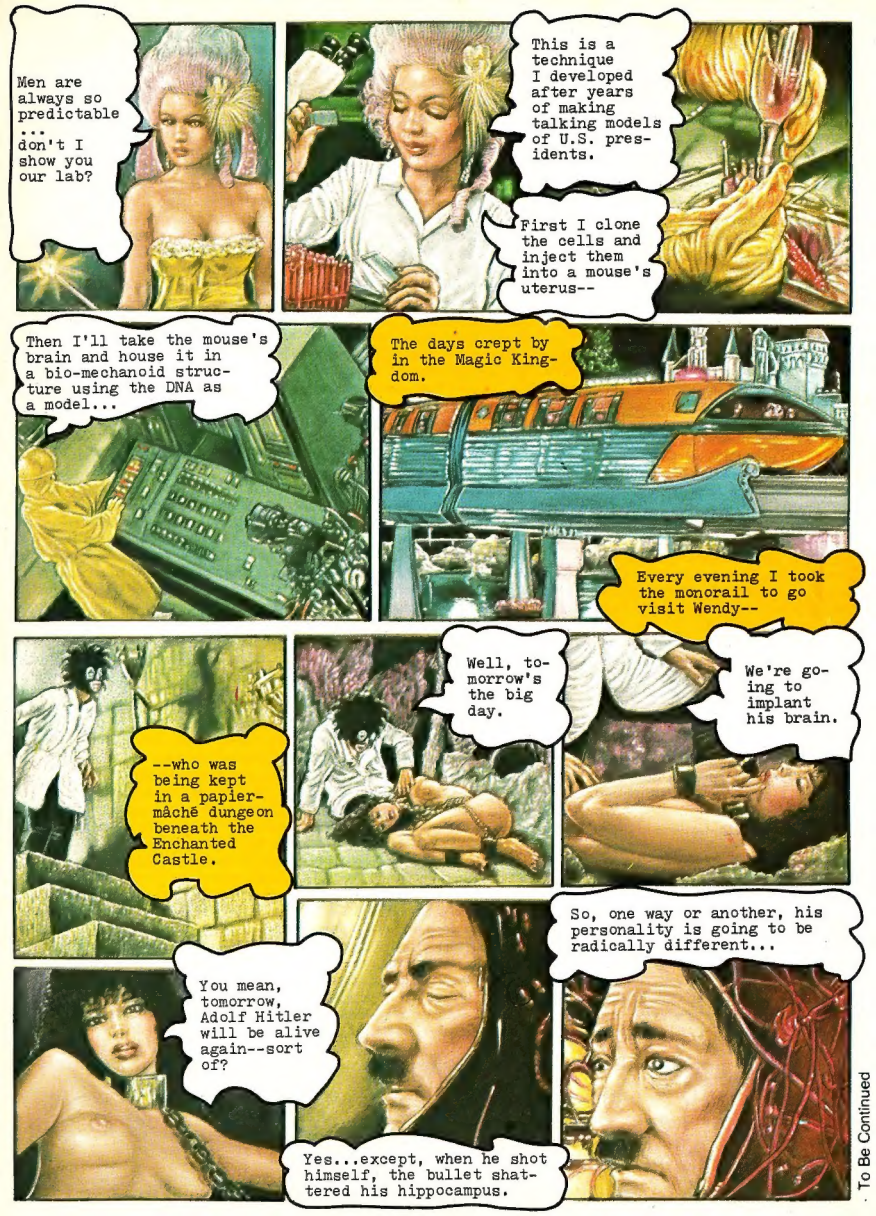
No, but it looks disgusting.

Eeeyuck!

I've gone to great expense to obtain it--it's the dehydrated remains of Adolf Hitler.

I want you to help me reconstitute him--I want you to rebuild Adolf Hitler.


You know something? You're a real nut!
They'll all be surprised, won't they? They'll be at their pool parties, crouched over the hibachi--
--when suddenly, the crunch of the jackboot, the sting of the whip... ah, this is Dr. Kathryn Guhlman, my Head Scientist.
You know, when I first met Armand, I had my doubts, too. But then he promised me the state of Tennessee--
--so that I can realize my fondest dream-- "Biblelands, U.S.A." After all, if we can revive Hitler--
--why not John the Baptist? Why not Jesus Christ, himself?
Of course, with John the Baptist, we may have a problem finding parts...
Hey--where are they taking Wendy?
Wendy is a journalist sent to spy on us.
Wait a minute--if I cooperate, I want her safe!


Men are always so predictable ... don't I show you our lab?
This is a technique I developed after years of making talking models of U.S. presidents.
First I clone the cells and inject them into a mouse's uterus--
Then I'll take the mouse's brain and house it in a bio-mechanoid structure using the DNA as a model...
The days crept by in the Magic Kingdom.
Every evening I took the monorail to go visit Wendy--
--who was being kept in a papier-mâché dungeon beneath the Enchanted Castle.
Well, tomorrow's the big day.
We're going to implant his brain.
So, one way or another, his personality is going to be radically different...
You mean, tomorrow, Adolf Hitler will be alive again--sort of?
Yes...except, when he shot himself, the bullet shattered his hippocampus.
To Be Continued

continued from page 4

These assessments are based on Field Agents' reports. A Field Agent knows everybody in his district inside-out. He records their voices. He takes pictures. A lot of this goes into the *Top Secret Only Fools* file. (Only fools do those villains pity who are punished ere they have done their mischief.)

There is no stopping C.D. Knock on any door. Walk down any street. C.D. T-shirts, patches, armbands, rings, discreet gold lapel pins, luminous rainbow hatbands — "Her glow in the dark." Many wear their C.D. card in a little plastic window. C.D.! C.D.! C.D.! Our deadly field hands, as we jokingly call them, are everywhere stopping crime. They know where to look; they know whom to follow.

"They are undermining the very concept of police!" the Commissioner moans.

"We are the police and we need no criminals," was the terse Telex rejoinder from Wise Guy the C.D. Computer.

Any C.D. member can put this solution to any question into Wise Guy, who chews them all up and spits out a solution. Wise Guy thinks that some crimes are much more portentous, that is, more basically *criminal*, than others. These crimes receive special attention.

Is it good for our space program? This basic criterion is programmed into Wise Guy, and he dictates his decisions. Man just released from mental hospital stabs a *sleeping* man to death with a sharp stick; little bitch sees someone *sleeping* on the subway, douses his hair with lighter fluid, and sets him afire. "I just felt like it," she said. Other victims have been old transients *sleeping* on pavements or in vacant lots. The common denominator is *sleeping*.

On spacecraft people may have to go into bio-stasis. We need some little whore prowling around turning off our life-support systems? Now, human beings are merely the carriers for certain entities. We don't want any carriers of this entity in our surroundings. So we organized a crack team of outraged citizens and grabbed a torcher, doused it with water, and threw it on the third rail. Gave that entity pause. And here is another. It happens every Halloween: Little girl three years old been trick-or-treatin' comes back and her mother finds a pin in a pink sugar candy with cream centers, the pinhead white to look like sugar. Now this can only be described as poisoning the water supply. We don't want anything like that aboard spaceship Earth.

The colonel looked into the fire. He is a member of the elite corps of E.S.—Evolutionary Security. The function of E.S. is to create a safe environment for biological experiments, free from brutish, malignant interference.

"Of course we knew it would come to this sooner or later — individual assassinations. 'Hits,' you call them, I believe. Well, it wasn't too hard to find this one. Little frame house reeked of it. Not even a weed will grow in the yard. She works in the library, which is almost never used, because no one can get the book he orders, and if he does, keeps getting nasty letters for years demanding the return of books he never withdrew. She used sleeping pills. It was easy. We also impounded some interesting documents. For years this old witch had been writing letters to newspapers. Some, dating back to the days of capital punishment, were abusive anonymous letters sent to the parents of those executed, timed to arrive on the day of execution. And here is a four-year-old boy attacked by guard dogs, critically ill in a hospital, and she writes to the mother: 'He should die soon. I hope he will.'

"And her diary... 'Christmas 1848...I think I've made a "catch." December 27... My prayers have been answered.'

"She was a very religious woman. The only book in her house was the Bible."

At the very moment of her death waves of happiness and euphoria swept the naborhood: "It was a feeling of *relief*," one nabor said. "Like something *awful* went away and you can breathe again."

C.D. can stand for Common Decency. When someone needs help you give help. When someone wants to be left alone you leave him alone. He has a right to his space. Let me tell you about the Johnson Family. "The Johnson Family" was a turn-of-the-century expression designating good bums and thieves.

"God must have loved the Johnsons because he made so many of them."

It was elaborated into a code of conduct. A Johnson honors his obligations. His word is good and he is a good man to do business with. A Johnson minds his own business. He is not a snoopy, tale-bearing, interfering, self-righteous, troublemaking, malignant type person. A Johnson will help when help is needed. He will not stand by while someone is drowning, under attack, or trapped under a burning car.

We postulate that man is an artifact designed for space travel. He is not designed to remain a tadpole. This postulate, agreed upon, gives us a standard for evaluation. Is a proposed course of action conducive to realizing space conditions? Art, science, technology; what is it contributing to the space program? As for individuals, ask yourself, Would I like to be *in space* with *that* person? Postulate that there is no privacy and no deceit possible in space: your innermost thoughts, feelings, and intentions are immediately apparent to those around you. So you want to be careful who *is* around you.

And what has prevented the Johnsons from realizing their potential for space travel? Who is keeping us from realizing our biologic and spiritual destiny? These people are known as shits. They can't mind their own business, because they have no business of their own to mind any more than a smallpox virus. The mark of a basic shit is that he has to be RIGHT. And in order to be RIGHT he has to make someone else WRONG. We know that the shits will take action against us since they are artifacts specifically designed to keep us out of space.

Our research is directed towards effecting biologic alterations in the human artifact. The human body is much too dense for space conditions. However, we have a model on hand that is much less dense, in fact almost weightless: the astral or dream body. This lighter body, a "body of light" as Crowley called it, is much more suited to space conditions.

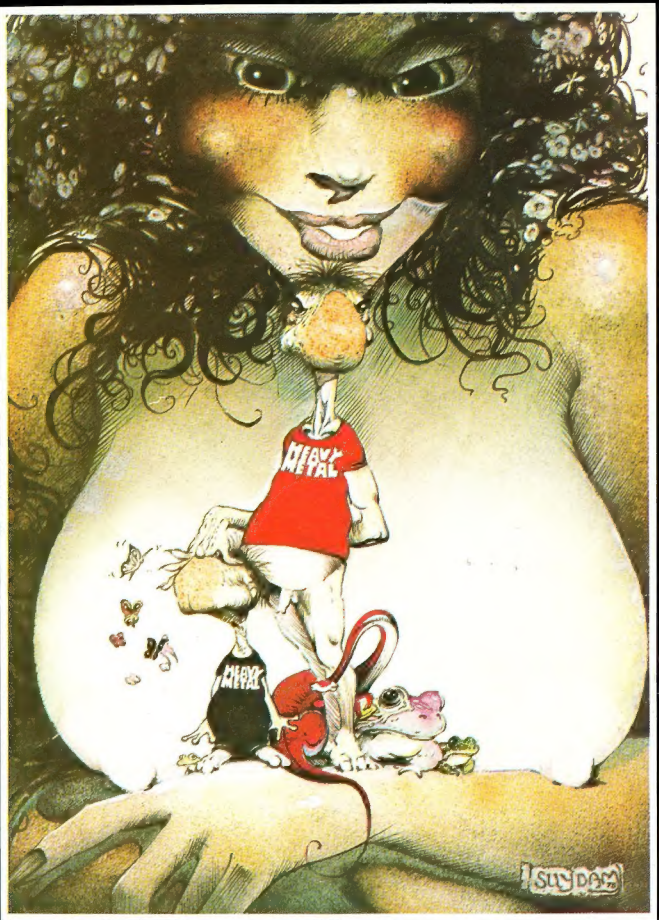
Recent experiments have shown that dreaming is a biologic necessity like sleep. The dream serves as a link to our destiny in space. Deprived of the air line we die. As you can see, C.D. and the Johnson Family are the same organization. And when we see the Rev. Jerry Falwell and his Moral Majority cutting our air lines, we classify such behavior as criminal interference.

The step into space is a step into the unknown, a change as drastic as the transition from land to water. Those who now attempt to impose by sheer force a rigid dogma can only be seen as the mortal enemies of C.D. They threaten the life and the space destiny of every decent, well-intentioned Johnson. It is the role of C.D. to protect new life forms in the vulnerable stages of mutation. Perhaps many times before, beautiful new life forms with great potentials were brutishly stamped out by those who cannot tolerate anything different from their stupid, bigoted, hideous selves. This is a Manichean conflict. The outcome is in doubt.

COMING

With spring upon us, lions and lambs and love seem to be on everyone's mind.
And Edward is no exception. Tangled in a situation of unrequited love, he has no alternative but to....
We are proud to introduce to you a newcomer to the pages of *Heavy Metal*. **Tex Arcana**, not necessarily your typical "good ol' 'merican boy," gets himself in and outta danger faster than you can whistle "Dixie" —but the trouble ain't always actually there.
Get my drift?
Also, the continuation of **What Is Reality, Papa?**, **The Ambassador of the Shadows**, and Druillet's interpretation of Flaubert's **Salammbo**.
Plus: Harry Harrison tells a bit about the background of sex in science fiction. Now keep in line, Harry!

"My men wear HEAVY METAL t-shirts, or they wear nothing at all."



"You're not whistling 'Dixie,' little lady! We only wear the finest form-fitting cotton . . . which I feel accentuates my manly physique. Ray here likes the way the colors blend with his ruddy complexion. No matter what you look like, the HEAVY METAL t-shirt (available in red or black) is the message for summer."

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